DISCORDER

APRIL 2001

THAT FLUFFY TAILED MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM

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ISSUE 216 • APRIL 2001 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9FM

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cover

welcome back into our lives, spot colour. we have missed you. jude griebel made this woodcut. lori kiessling layed it out with help from matt searcey.

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rocky, tim, andrea k. neyedli, and everyone whose article we killed

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Events at a glance:

FRIDAY APRIL 6 CJBS Presents
MORENO VELOSO + 2 [Early show 7-10pm]
Moreno Veloso is in the vanguard of the new generation of Brazilian singers and composers. While only 27, he has already gained many years of touring experience with the likes of Gilberto Gil and his father, the legendary samba poet and founding father of Tropicalismo, Caetano Veloso.Tickets $23/20 Students, Snrs., Jazz Friends at Ticketmaster, Black Swan and Highlife Records or through the Jazz Hotline at 872-5200 followed by ...
CROSSFADE FRIDAYS w/ MR.SUPREME (Seattle, WA) Conception Records - DVS Crew
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FRIDAY APRIL 13 pharsyde Presents
DJ Z-TRIP @ CROSSFADE FRIDAYS
From Phoenix, Arizona, Z-Trip is a passionate "digger" for rare beats and very outspoken on the importance of being able to rock a party along while being technically adept at scratching and 'turnbalist' skills. Plus local resident Vinyl Richie. Doors 9pm/$8 before 10:30/$10 after

THURSDAY APRIL 19
MARQUES WYATT
Through over a decade of dedication and a passion for music, this LA native has emerged at the forefront of the global House phenomenon. Since 1997, Marques' producing and remix work has been released on labels such as STRICTLY RHYTHM, KING STREET and SUBURBAN, and includes the massive remix of Eddie Amador1s "House Music" on YOSHITOSHI, and recently the "Fog City Players" EP on TILTED with co-producer Jay-J. A don't miss for those who like it deep & bumpin'! Doors 9pm/price tbc.

SATURDAY APRIL 21 House of Venus presents
WIGGLE @ inside
Hosted by New York City's stunning Candis Cayne, Wiggle features the wacked out haute-couture by the city's most innovative designers and hairstylists. Deejays include INSIDE'S very own Dickey Doo and Todd Ornotani with Clarence and his SoulJazz crew upstairs. WIGGLE is a benefit for the Youthco Aids Society. Doors 9pm/$20/$15 in advance available @ LittleSisters, Club Card, Obstruction, and Sonar.

FRI APR 27 pharsyde Presents
CROSSFADE FRIDAYS w/DJ YODA (London, UK)
Fatlace - HHC 1st ever Canadian appearance $7 before 10:30 pm/$9 after

SAT APR 28 ☆MODERNGROOVE Presents
DJ HEATHER (Chicago) @ **inside**
Step inside and check out the latest house with another Vancouver favourite DJ Heather (12-2), along with residents, Dickey Doo (9-10), Luke McKeehan (10-11) & Todd Ornotani (11-12) in the main room. Room 2 has Clarence dropping sweet soul & jazz with Jono Howard, Wilson Hart & Leisa Loud Doors 9pm/$15 - in association with House Of Venus & Nordic Trax

coming soon...
MAY 3 Nordic Trax & Bruce present **LAZY DOG** MAY 5 **Lazy Transmissions Release Party @ INSIDE** MAY 7 NinjaTune presents **WAGON CHRIST aka LUKE VIBERT** MAY 12 **Bombay 01 Release Party** @ INSIDE MAY 18 **Andy Smith (Portishead) @ CROSSFADE**

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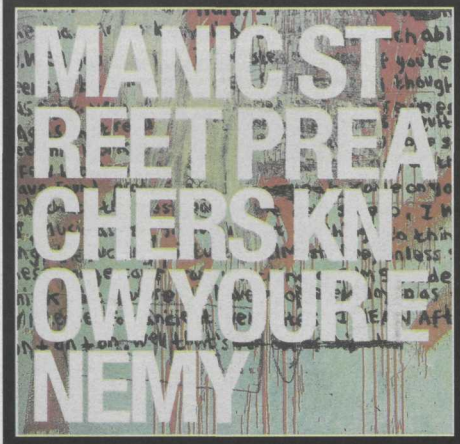

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MINK

***DiSCORDER*: Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?**
Shannon (Shanzig), age 26, lead vocals.
Stacey Maneater, age 26, guitar and background vocals.
Marina Mink, age 25, bass and background vocals.
Bjwhatdoyouthink, age 18, drums.
Why not ermine?
Because M.I.N.K. stands for Masters in Necrophiliac Knowledge.
Tell us, Mink, what are your plans to take over the music scene, locally and abroad? Any tour plans comin' up?
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin. Tour plans? Well, our next tour will take us from the Philippines to Bucharest via New Jersey.
Shannon, is it true that you are the female incarnation of Danzig? C'mon, do tell.
Well, since you asked, I am Danzig's love child.
Do you think one band can have two redheads and still get along?
We don't really get along! We just rock together. Life's too short for friends.
Fill in the blanks: In the year 2005, we will be throwing a gig in _____ with _____ and _____, and you should come to the show, especially because we have added the one and only _____ to the lineup!
In the year 2005 we will be throwing a gig in the Netherlands with Menudo and Danzig, and you should come to the show, especially because we have added the one and only Gowan to the lineup.

Ask yourselves two questions and answer them.
Q. How did you guys meet?
A. At band camp.
Q. If you could be a kind of tree, what kind of tree would you be?
A. **Shannon**: A camel toe tree.
Marina: A prickly bush tree.
Stacey: An X-mas tree.
Bjwhatdoyouthink: A family tree.

Discography
The Black Metal Years
Greatest Hits

Masters In Necrophiliac Knowledge

Contact
<marina-kay@hotmail.com>

red siren

Besides, who wants to sound typical?

DiSCORDER: Who are you?
Sandra Gracak: bass, guitar, and vocals.
Colin Funk: bass, guitar, vocals, percussion.
Jeff Everden: bass, guitar.
How long have you played together with your current lineup? Any changes to the scene?
Sandra: Our current lineup actually began five years ago, after the demise of Colin's and my band Bullet Nose, when Jeff started jamming with us in my basement. Since then, it's been name changes, member changes, and instrument changes. After all the dust settled, it's back to the original lineup, but a different basement now.
If you were to have crawled out of a musical time capsule, which five year period would you say that would be, and who would be right there with you?
Our musical time capsule encompasses the years 1965-1970, and we would be right there with The Seeds, The Velvet Underground, and Can.
Is any of your stuff improvisational, spontaneous, or stream of consciousness inspired? Just wondering, as you have so many wacky tempo changes and chord progressions.
Well, yeah, we love that shit, it's all part of the process. That's how we find our songs, digging in the well. Usually we end up with a stripped down bad ass bare bones song at the end of it all. What's wacky just for the sake of being wacky falls off and what's whacked because things are whacked sticks hard. Besides, who wants to sound typical?
Why are there so few bands who use drum machines these days, Red Siren? Do you think this instrument will make a comeback? People seem to be reverting back to the sort of "old school" sound the drum machine generates. Is this something that you find adds a certain flavour to your work?
We know tons of bands who use drum machines, everything from old '70s beat boxes to modern day sequencers and samplers. We feel more "old school" when we use an actual drum kit. In the end, it's not what you use, it's how you use it.
We initially started using the drum machine so we could simplify our sound and put together tight songs we could play over and over again. Our last drummer never wanted to play the same thing twice, which sharpened our improvisational skills but drained our brains of riffs after a year.

Discography
Blue Nose Fly, *Double Penetration* (CD/LP) 1998
Craft Landing, *Novelty* (Cassette Single) 1999
Red Siren, *Several Ways to Oblivion* (CD/EP) 2000

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7 inch

julie colero

Spring is not the only thing in the air around here at CiTR and *DiSCORDER* these days. That other smell, a smell that's got a little bit of freedom and a lot of fear caught up in it, is the smell of change. It is, as they say, the end of an era. I may be erring a bit on the dramatic side of things, but I think I've earned this. After three years of doing my thing, I'm about to become absolutely powerless, handing off the position of Music Director to Luke Meat. Yes, I know, my name will still roll off the tongues of a few loyal friends, but the widespread notoriety? Gone. So long as the new editor doesn't go kicking me out, I'll have this column as a last life-line to coolness.

"Buck up, Julie!" you say, convinced that a step back from this business will do me well, toning down my cynical band disses and flippant dismissals of today's big thing as tomorrow's bad stink. And maybe, just maybe, there might come a day when I will be able to say the word "Shindig" without cringing. Cross your fingers, folks, I'm at the crossroads! PS: Any industry people want to hire me to sell my soul, I mean, your records? PPSS: I bet some of you would like to read some record reviews, eh? Here you are.

Since I've got major labels on the brain, I'll start with the two offerings I've received from them in recent weeks, both of which are commendable, one of which is going to be huge. It might be the wrong one, though... **GORILLAZ** is a bit of an all-star fuck band. **Dan the Automator** and Damon Albarn of **Blur** have been partying it up of late, as you may or may not have heard on some of the **Deltron 3030** tracks. That CD was dope. Gorillaz is sorta dope. **Del tha Funkee Homosapien** guests on the big single "Clint Eastwood" and makes it a likeable track. Del's beats and samples sound great, but I'm bummed about Damon's seeming lack of involvement. What up with giving him chorus duty only? The b-side of this 7" is "Dracula," different from whatever the hell you get on 12" or CD, but I guess labels like to be difficult that way. "Dracula" is a very dub-tastic track, all chillin' with samples of big horns and evil vampires. I would like this a whole lot more if I hadn't installed the god-damn screensaver on my computer, which I now cannot figure out how to get rid of. (Parlophone/Capitol)

A band with much more personal appeal but a hell of a lot less chance of succeeding is **BLACK REBEL MOTORCYCLE CLUB**. The band's 2 x 7" "Rifles" single is fantastic! This three-piece from Cali has played with **The Warlocks** and **Brian Jonestown Massacre**, and they know what's up with the psych-rock scene. The first two tracks are guitar-wash extravaganzas, citing **My Bloody Valentine** as an influence without ripping off the weird sounds. This is the kind of music that would be great to chill out to, with the only problem being that on this format you've got to flip the disc after every song. It proves itself worth the effort; for when you get to "Spread Your Love," you'll be blown away. With a funky bass-line and very smooth vocals, this song spells true love for the little band that could, breaking out of its scene to hit the big time. Maybe. Or maybe this'll be another one of those major label things that no one gives a damn about. I suggest that you do your best to check this band, now or later, but do dish them some attention if you're at all a fan of good rock music. (Virgin)

And on to the little fellows, the ones I'm supposed to be championing! **PAUL & LARA** comes on a familiar label, Kittridge, and it sounds like Kittridge music tends to. This is a cutesy duo that sounds a bit

like the **Apples in Stereo** when their harmonies are working it to the max. The lyrics on this one are kind of lacking, but I'll give the band some credit for effort. Besides, there's some really hot bridge/chorus action on the b-side. So there. (Kittridge Records, www.kittnet.com)

Picking up the pace and chucking it out the window is **THE LOT SIX**, an utterly unremarkable band with its nose in the wrong pile of musical influences. Gentlemen, please look further back than the last **Jets To Brazil** album for some inspiration. Sure, you cite **Refused** as a RIYL (or whatever those initials are supposed to be), but you don't sound like that. You sound like cats screeching as skunks pee their stinky spray on you. Bah. Any song that starts with a slow build these days lets me know I ought to just run for the border, but I stayed put long enough to hear this three-song catastrophe out. "Catastrophe" might be too strong of a word, as it usually indicates a rare occurrence. We all know that bad emo records are no rare occurrence these days. Another stumbling block for the band is their lack of spelling skills, which I find quite intolerable. I almost saw some good in all this when I thought I heard the singer scream "Recital Rock!" over and over, but it actually was nothing of that sort, and so I'll just take my imaginative term and dump it on **Godspeed You Black Emperor**'s head. (Espo, PO Box 63, Allston, MA 02134 USA)

Better music on my plate? You bet. There's a new **LOCUST** single, "Flight of the Wounded Locust," five tracks of absolutely crunchy mayhem that I can't wait to see live. Like I said earlier, Cali has got some things working in its favour these days. Wouldn't you love to see the Locust on a tourism brochure, maybe at the gates of the new Disney California theme park. You'd just know that the skinny white rocker dudes went in and kicked the pioneers' asses after that shoot. They've got the pizazz for it, yeah! (Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 178262 San Diego, CA 92177 USA)

More good stuff: **THE LOST SOUNDS** on Empty. A hella-creepy excursion into old-school synth-rock mayhem, this three-song single showcases both male and female pipes, and a whole lot of clever chops. The male vocals are all processed and eerie, the female ones all screamy. It's like "Thunderstruck," but so not. (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102 USA)

And last and absolutely best is **RED MONKEY**. I just can't get enough of the politics, baby! Taking on consumer consumption, the horrors of the city and so-called civilization, and the overworked society we live in, Red Monkey like to spread the message in a funky, funky way. Big bass, slamming guitar riffs, and bang-on drumming make the band the ultimate consummate purveyors of modern actionist thought that they long to be. If only the word would be spread! And, on a personal note, I hope that in their denunciation of consumption, they at least let me buy their records... Viva la punka! (Troubleman Unlimited, 16 Willow St., Bayonne, NJ 07002 USA) •

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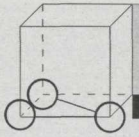

radio free press

zines : bleek

There arrives a crucial point in many projects when the creator has to ask themselves if the vision should continue or if the dead horse is going to respond, get up and walk. So I have to ask myself and you, dear readers, if you appreciate zine reviews in DISCORDER *or you really don't care. As for me, I love zines and feel the passion to keep reading them and continue working on* Speck *fanzine. I guess the problem is that I am feeling a little disconnected and have had an annoying sense of futility seeping into my project here. I'm wondering if there are even just a handful of people actually reading and enjoying Radio Free Press or not. Let's face it,* DISCORDER *itself is targeted at a chosen minority overall, obviously. Are zines important to you at all? Does RFP provide a useful service? Let me know. When I lived in the interior of BC I starved for this sort of thing, and that's why I have been doing this for over a year. In the radio and print game the audience often becomes an intangible component. Are you there? Please write <speckfanzine@yahoo.com>.*

Speaking of obscure cultural phenomena, The Blinding Light!! Cinema launched the second 250W zine on March 8. The event was a literary celebration with a showing of the Emmy Award-winning *Bookwars*, a film by Michel Negroponte, and the unveiling of a "bubble gallery," which is one of those vending machines that usually dispense small toys at the grocery store. This one dispenses tiny zines and comics by local artists and only costs you a loonie. On the new zine shelves at the Blinding Light!! is Robin Bougie's new *CINEMA SEWER* #5, again exploring psycho-sexual shit on video, plus a rather innocent look at the author's favorite animated features. Stand-outs include the "piece" on misogynistic porn asshole Max Hardcore and a series of Nazi sex-camp flicks. Vancouver's independent art-video experimenter **Meesoo Lee** is interviewed within these generous pages also. Always compelling in so many ways. ($3 to #320-440 E. 5th Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5T 1N5)

Looking to laugh at some major and minor celebrities while learning a few semi-ridiculous facts as well? Lara Jenny has recently released the new *POP BOFFIN* #4. Lara and friends know when not to take themselves too seriously when it comes to the trivial and over-exposed world of the pop icon. *Pop Boffin* offers a suspension of reality and lends some fantasy scenarios to Hollywood and popular music stars. Also included are an interview with **Saint Etienne**, in addition to local and far off concerts. <popboffin@canada.com> www.webspotter.com/popboffin

And where the hell did I pick up *ROCK N ROLL OUTBREAK*? Well, wherever it was, I found this punk punk punk zine to be old school in substance and appearance. I can't tell you how refreshing this is. I'm looking through this great zine with a bunch of punks that look like they're from 20 years back, but are producing this stuff right fuckin' now, daddy-o. Whoever dropped this off in Vancouver, although it appears to be a year old now, deserves a big fat sloppy kiss. We need some more like *RNROB*. The main kid behind this venture is Patrick Grindstaff who works for, or is, Pelado Records. See the interviews with **The Joneses**, **The Boils**, **The Reducers SF**, **The Statiks**, and more of the usual music-zine reviews and rants and shit. ($3 to 521 Wilson #C103 Costa Mesa, CA 92627 USA)

Let's keep on with the music-zine stuff, namely *BULLSHEET* #4, out of the repressive, fundamentalist environment of the Abbotsford area (you heard me, you bastards). There are punks everywhere, and some of them are even capable of writing these days, believe it or not. So when today's punks aren't out fucking shit up for no apparent reason, the other two that are left are thinking about how to contribute something to the overall anti-scheme of things. Maybe they're doing a zine. *Bullsheet* is rough cut-and-paste mayhem featuring **The Huntingtons**, **Deadlines**, **Five Iron Frenzy**, **Temper Tantrums**, **Tomfest**, **Value Pac**, and... **Iron Maiden**. I thought you said "punk"? ($1, 2846 Evergreen Street, Abbotsford, BC V2T 2S1). •

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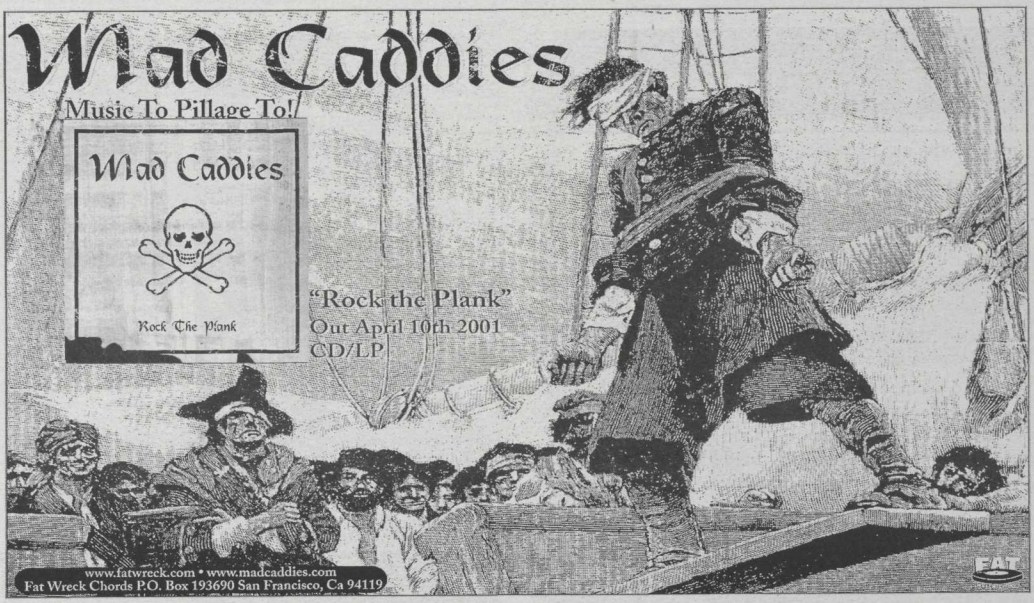

strut and fret

penelope mulligan

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Friday, February 23
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

It's easy to imagine this production being a hit in the UK, where it won a Fringe First at Edinburgh. It has everything they don't—touches of Prairie Gothic, Canadian hokiness and an impossibly frozen north. It's also gorgeously theatrical and atmospheric. The far north twinkles ominously like a big ice chest full of oddness just waiting to thaw. Measured dialogue, often hilariously stilted, punctuates a story that unfolds like a fairy tale and has the psychological depth (and much of the structure) of Greek tragedy. The set is a wonderland that you want to walk through and touch—a towering plexiglass structure like huge blocks of ice and small, mysterious statuary on downstage plinths. No great surprise that set, lighting, and costume designer Bretta Gerecke grew up and studied in Winnipeg. If Guy Madden were to film the Orestian Trilogy, it would probably look a lot like this.

The story centers on Pootsie Plunket and her little brother Kirbus, the orange-haired, white-clad children who inhabit an ice palace in a frozen village. Their mother, rumored to have killed their father some years earlier, winters in the "South" and returns each spring—to their increasing discomfort. This time, she has a boyfriend in tow—a nasty piece of work with plans to encase their beloved home and environs under a dome, pump it full of heat and turn everything into a tropical theme park.

Written by the play's directors, Jonathan Christenson and Joey Tremblay, the tale works on several levels, with the "House" of the title signifying all of them. It's the literal dwelling, the Plunket family dynasty and the psyche. Before Pootsie can save her house—in any sense of the word—she has to revisit old trauma, accept the truth and then act on it.

Speaking of acting, the one problem I had with this production was the wild unevenness of its performances—though I suspect that direction may have been partly to blame. As Pootsie, Sian Williams was passionate and committed, but trowelled on the "eh's" and the dropped g's so thickly, that her performance in the earlier scenes was a cliché of earnest Canadiana. Later on, when her world really began to sour, she started declaiming like a tragic diva. Her character development was coming along quite nicely without this sudden change in diction. In the role of Momma Belle, Juliana Barclay treated us to some truly alarming over-playing. Yes, Momma is a scheming, vulgar slut, but Barclay seemed hell-bent on demonstrating this and came on like an out of control skidoo. Joey Tremblay was a bit more successful as the greedy developer, Uncle Del. At least he managed to pull back enough for us to see how his evil and exploitative needs made sense from his point of view. But Dov Mickelson knew exactly what note to hit as Kirbus. His pale, moon-faced, sweetly nervous presence captivated me, and threw the sinister goings into high relief. With all that strangeness blowing through the play's landscape, he just trusted his character and leaned into the wind.

Like most classic tragedies, this one had a body count, with old murder exposed, new ones committed and the innocent slain along with the guilty. After the last fatal shot had been fired, Pootsie was alone—her family dead, her house cleansed of evil and her ice palace intact and unmelted.

The sad shivery ending felt nice and sent me away wondering about things like the high price of resisting change and what the rest of Pootsie's life would be like, alone in her house of ice.

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Vogue Theatre
Wednesday March 14

Betcha thought you'd heard the last of this one, didn'tcha? Sorry, but because *DiSCORDER* is a monthly, we get the last word. So here's one more discharge—I mean dispatch—on the touring juggernaut that spent three weeks here in March.

I'll admit that I had misgivings about it from the start—not from a fear that the show wouldn't be feminist enough, or would be too feminist, or even just wouldn't be very good, but from an aversion to ghetto-izing things which are best left at large.

I know there have been and still are, entire cults of repression around this most famous and powerful body part and that its freedom—or rather, the freedom of individuals who have one—is essential both socially and psychologically. But this show doesn't feel like the answer.

The Vagina Monologues is the work of American playwright Eve Ensler, who conducted interviews with various women, soliciting their vagina-related thoughts, feelings and stories. A good deal of the material was moving and potent, but often got massacred by forced accents and style-conscious delivery. The fluffier stuff ranged from cutesy rant (my vagina is pissed off) to interminable 12-step rapture (discovering my clit) which somehow managed to be tedious as hell.

The staging (the three performers were seated in a row in front of mike stands) was somewhere between talk show and game show, and the between-monologues patter further distanced the audience from the stories. I don't know if the sheets of paper they were constantly shuffling were props meant to underline the researched nature of the material or whether they actually served as script notes, but they shouldn't have been there. I just wanted to see and hear actors channelling the women whose stories these were. Was that too much to ask?

The only performer who didn't clobber me with affectation was Elvira Kurt, one of a series of guest artists. She's a comedienne, but proved to be the best actor of the lot—open, real, and capable of transforming herself. Oddly enough, the other two (Sherri Parker Lee and Starla Benford) are actors, but pounded out most of the monologues like stand-up routines. Actually, a few of the pieces *would* make bloody good stand-up if they could be airlifted from this production and detonated someplace where they were least expected. The final story, which celebrated the vagina as an organ of birth, could stand on its own as a beautiful piece of poetry.

But I digress unrealistically. The *Monologues* are one big show, which suffered from the trivial and the extremely relevant banging up against each other. I mean, how much sympathy can you feel for a woman whose vagina is angry because sexy lingerie is uncomfortable and tampons are too dry when there's a woman in Bosnia so shredded by prolonged multiple rape that chunks of her labia are coming off in her hand?

This latter monologue was delivered by Kurt (thank God—I hate to imagine what Lee or Benford might have done with it) and preceded by a tally of statistics for the genital mutilation of children. The whole thing just gutted me and produced a more intense form of the annoyance I feel at all the attention lavished on eating disorders when there are people who haven't enough food to survive, let alone play games with. Though all problems are important to those who have them, there are some things that only the more affluent or relatively free can afford to have "issues" about. This probably wouldn't have mattered had the monologues run back to back with no commentary. Each one could have spoken for itself and any sifting and weighing would have been the audience's look-out. That's how theatre should work. As it was, the show seemed blissfully unaware of inequalities like these and used the in-between chat to try and cheerlead us all into one great self-congratulatory wallow. That, if you'll pardon the turn of phrase, rubbed me the wrong way.

P.S. Why didn't we hear from any prostitutes?

THE PLUG HOLE

Someone gave me a press release over the weekend. It's textured and collagey and wrapped in cling film. After playing with it for awhile, I decided to call and find out it is was for real. It is; so I quote: "A Story Of Money, Power and the Strength of a Nation. **Stockholm '77** is making a film about, and with, Canada's *other* currency, Canadian Tire Money. Everybody has a private stash—stuffed in the glove box or stuck to the fringe—send us yours, and you'll help finance the first film made ENTIRELY with Canadian Tire dollars. We'll give you a credit and the chance to tell the story of your adventure with this national cultural anomaly. Send your dough and stories to: Box 4035, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Z4." •

kill your boyfriend

comic reviews : robin

DAVID MACK
Kabuki
(Image)

When I first got into comics, I couldn't believe how many of them had lame stories. Some were good, but I wasn't finding them as often as you would think. When I saw ***Kabuki: Circle of Blood*** I only bought the first issue in case it sucked, but it was enough to hook me. I went back the next day and bought the rest. A six-issue series in black and white, *Kabuki*'s writer and artist David Mack has created a wondrous work of art.

First is the story, which is very Orwellian and very *Blade Runner*, and also very much Mack's own thing. It's about Kabuki, a woman raised to be an assassin. Trained in the art of war, she is part of the Noh, a group put together to keep the peace between the Japanese Yakuza gangs and the Japanese politicians. The strange thing is that the general public knows all about her and her partners. The other women are Scarab, Tiger Lily, Siamese1, Siamese2, Butoh, Snapdragon, and Ice. Guys lust after them and girls want to be them. They commercialize and merchandise themselves. The *Circle of Blood* story is about Kabuki's life: where she comes from, how she came to be an efficient killing machine, and her struggle to accept the life she's been given. I know it's kinda *La Femme Nikita*, but it's a riveting tale that keeps you guessing. Action packed, yet beautiful and graceful like ballet, this is a comic that is almost literally begging to be made into a live action film.

So you have this wonderful story that could be destroyed by lame indie Caliber-style art. But no: Mack elevates comics to a new level. It's a black and white comic manipulated and styled in ways I've never seen. Mixed media is the constant theme, incorporating lacy textures, film reel format, song lyrics, and elements of Victorian design. Crayon, pastel, India ink, and ziptone so textured you don't notice the lack of colour. Blood splatters and intricately designed future cities. The page layout was foreign and new to me. Everything flowed well.

The next series to come out was *The Masks of the Noh*. This time around Mack wrote the stories and let different artists interpret the lives of the other members of the Noh. A couple of my favourites were Rick Mays, whose soft, simplified manga style in the *Scarab* story eventually became its own series, also worth investigating, Michael Avon Omening's take on Ice was a little more cartoony and creepy. He experimented with panel structure and design, with impressive results. All the different artists and their approaches to the characters only added to their realism by giving them their own voices. It was a six-issue series that managed to push the story of Kabuki along while fleshing out the other characters.

Obviously, Mack became big and famous and was picked up by a more mainstream publisher, Image. Call him a sell-out if you like, but the current *Kabuki* series outstrips anything I've ever seen in comics: lush water-colours, traditional Japanese ink brush work, computer graphics blurred and torn. Still employing the mixed media of before, each page is a masterpiece. Pencil crayon, markers, leaves, and lace. Photos and negatives, acrylic and oil—it will blow your mind. Mack continues the Kabuki story, making it even more intricate and complex, introducing new characters and creating a blend that's half Modesty Blaise and half Hong Kong action film. The story is involved, constantly evolving, and pushes the boundaries of comic art. I just wish it came out more often.

Mack has become quite the sought-after artist and now spends most of his time working on *Daredevil*. Despite its superhero plot, *Daredevil* is a refreshing change and lets us see Mack's sensibility. Discounting the ever-so-static stagnance of Alex Ross, how often do you see complete water-colour pieces in a Marvel comic? It's beautiful and not to be scoffed at. Mack is elevating the standard of comics, and I appreciate that. •

vancouver special

janis mackenzie and jamaal

DEADCATS
Trashville Jukebox
(Raucous)
I remember once, many years ago, trying to justify my fondness for **The Cramps** to a girl I admired. Yes, it was embarrassing for an earnest female student like me to like a band that did songs like "You've Got Good Taste" and "Can Your Pussy Do the Dog," and yes, when I saw them live I was filled with a kind of joyful/shameful horror at the thought that Lux's pants might slip one centimeter lower. But there was Poison Ivy co-writing the songs, and there was the primal twisted psychobilly music itself, and the obvious sense of humour in those often (but not always) bawdy lyrics which somehow made it feel alright for me.

The Deadcats also play a kind of twisted psychobilly, and it's a kind that runs off the rails even more than Lux and Ivy's does. Scooter sets fire to his "voodoo gutbucket" (you can't quite hear it on *Trashville Jukebox*, although he's famous for doing it at their shows), there's a hell of a junky echo-chamber guitar thing going, and yes, the songs rock. According to their new British label, this CD is devoted to "maniacle [sic] covers," and it's hard to argue with that. There's a version of "Strychnine" which may be even noisier and more weirdly-recorded than the **Sonics** original, a run at the *Munsters* theme, and even a cover of the Cramps' "Naked Girl Falling Down the Stairs," to name just three of 16 songs. Still wondering where The Deadcats are coming from? Well, I can't quite remember the original chorus to "California Sun," but I'm betting it wasn't: "And I fuck and she fucks/And I suck and she sucks/And I lick and she licks/And I come and she comes/Well, we're out there a-having fun/In the warm California sun."
http://the-deadcats.tripod.com/psychocats
Janis

PANURGE
Erectangle
(Independent)
Panurge is a three-piece offshoot of **Vega**, and like Vega, they throw together loads of disparate musical elements, in this case ranging from **Syd Barrett**-era **Pink Floyd**-like lyrics about elves, to space-age sounds to contemporary dance beats. This really ought to result in something cheesy, but somehow *Erectangle* avoids the obvious pitfalls and only gives the impression of youthful talent, wit, and good taste. The title piece appears in three different forms (in the first, sixth, and tenth tracks), mixing up a gentle acoustic guitar with those **Sputnik**-esque stylings. "Chocolate Ice Cream" is practically a minimalist symphony, including spots of lush vocal harmonies, a guitar solo from another Vega bandmate, and sections of the calm, cool, flat-styled male singing that runs throughout the CD. If all this sounds suspiciously like a prog-rock concept album, maybe it is, but the clever understatement and spare arrangement of songs like "Listen to Your Own" and the sweet, late-**Beatles**-ish flavourings of so much of the record make this a very easy pill to swallow.
www.panurge.net
Janis

DAILY ALFRESCO
In Good Hands
(Onov)
After 11 tracks (about 20 minutes) of two anti-melodic, anti-harmonizing, lo-fi girl vocal lines, drums, bass, and entry level electric guitar, the 12th, "After Another," fairly slaps you upside the head. The lyrics are still almost indecipherable, but there is something of a charming hook here, and the song, at around 2:20, really feels like a song rather than a snippet. Elsewhere, you'll find some acoustic guitar, a bit of rocking out with flavours of a very basic **Veruca Salt**, a "New Waltz" in 4/4 time, piano bits, and, on the first track, some inexplicably flashy bass playing.
www.onov.net
Janis

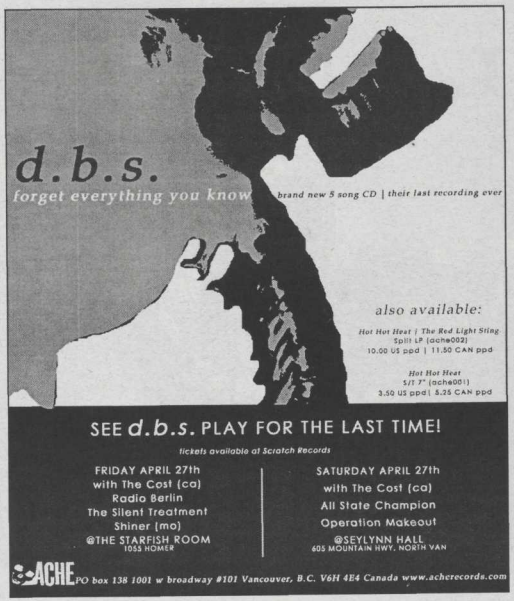
I recently had a conversation with Mr. Crusty about my disapproving review of local acoustic warriors **Vancouver's Shame**. He thought it amusing that I had spent half my column on a band I didn't even like; how's that for "bad" publicity? I replied that I hadn't intended things to be this way, that the column seemed longer when I wrote it, and—hey, what the fuck happened to my introduction? It has since become painfully clear that I have been getting cut and pasted for some time now; I guess I'm a little long winded. [*Oops! My hand, uh, slipped.—Ed.*] What, are we selling ads now all of a sudden? Anyway, it is with all this in mind, and a healthy dose of incredulity, that I have limited myself to a mere four local servings of the good stuff and a vocabulary hovering somewhere between *The Province* and *Clifford the Big Red Dog*.

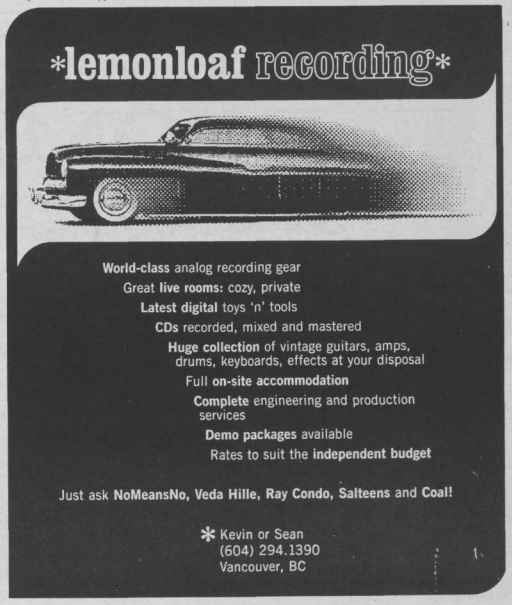
The Switch hail from somewhere in the greater Vancouver area and come at us with what can sincerely be described as rock 'n' roll. The disc sounds nice and polished, as well as varied, for short-attention-spanned demo directors. I wrote down **Tripping Daisy**, but I can't for the life of me remember why. Track two rocked my world all over the place, while track three licked "influenced" into "plagiarist." At some point the pop sensibilities started leaking through efforts to appease the masses, and I was all the happier for it. When's the next show? (604.608.1475)

Ooh! This one's labeled "Canadian Rock." I'm from Ontario, I own three **Hip** albums, and I play hockey and everything. Unfortunately for **Half-Hour Late**, I also know when shit stinks, which is why most people never go to Langley in the first place, let alone stick around long enough to form a band. Anyone remember **The Jitters**? They were good. (Box 32047, Langley, BC V1M 2M3)

The Whole Damn County have one of the finest names I've had the good fortune of rolling off my tongue in a long time, and they come out rocking on this disc. The guitar riffs have a retro, if not ripped-off, feel to them, though they remain just beyond the reach of my inner catalogue. Track two gets right Stockwell, right quick: think Tragically Hip meets **Green Day**. Seriously. The wanking seems to be dangerously on the rise here. Whoa, slow down buddy. I like my voice too, but... Okay, fuck off. <cgord@direct.ca>

And finally, we race our way towards the home goal, Vancouver's own **Hevybevan**. The CD has written on it, "Unauthorized Penetration Is A Violation." Well said. Unfortunately, these guys obviously have sexual fixations, if not actual illegal hobbies (though I too am partial to "bubble butts"). As for the music, it's heavy as all shit, but I can still hear the lyrics. Is that right? Of course, music like this tends to build for long periods of time without ever producing something, and on a personal note, I always find it more amusing than anything else. I assume that's an inappropriate reaction. Oh well, everything is not for everyone. <hevybevan@hotmail.com>
Jamaal





culture shock

anthony monday:kuwaiti correspondent

April. Spring. Better yet: Spring Holiday! And while the West's version of a spring holiday is one of those Miami Beach MuchMusic/MTV specials, I thought I'd be a little different. Besides, when you live in Kuwait, have an autistic budgie, drink computer cleaning fluid for fun, and have dirty thoughts about students, you reach a point where you say to yourself, "Hey, why not go to the Islamic Republic of Iran for a spring holiday?"

Yup. Iran.

I had to get "married" before my female friend and I could depart. Otherwise, we'd be travelling in illicit sin and could have had appendages cut off. It's a good thing my lovely "wife" is a whiz at Adobe Illustrator and whipped us off an official-looking marriage certificate. Who knew I'd been married for three years? What with me being such a homosexual and all.

Since I'm the man (THAT was a first), I sent my wife off to do the hard work. (Hey, if I'm going to buy into such a patriarchal system, I'm gonna abuse the shit out of it.) My good wife went to get the travel visas at the Iranian Embassy here in Kuwait. She was a little testy that day due to the fact that it was a hot day and her scalp was sweating beneath the head scarf she had to wear to enter the embassy.

She became even more irate when they asked her foolish questions like "Where was your husband born?" and "What was your husband's father's name?" She metamorphosed into the angry Muslim wife and emphatically stressed, "Husband! Pah! He does not tell me such things," which, apparently, is a common enough answer from women travelling to the Islamic Republic of Iran. The clerk simply shrugged, accepted the plight of the Muslim wife, and stamped our passport, telling her to enjoy her time with her husband in Iran.

So with forged married certificates and legitimate travel visas we traveled—Iran Air, natch—to the land of Ayatollahs and anti-Western sentiment.

"Let's not bring too much money with us, Honey," Anthony says, thinking it best we get money in the local currency from bank machines there. And if the cards don't work, there's always Visa. It's everywhere you want to be.

scott malin • drawing

Visa, apparently, isn't everywhere you want to be, and they will be hearing from my lawyers soon regarding a false advertising suit. Visa is part of that whole US embargo shit and could not be accessed *anywhere* in Iran. The bank machines, too, are strictly national, so no international bank cards are accepted either. Anywhere. Luckily, my fine wife is the overly prepared kind, and we survived 11 days with the US cash she had secretly placed about her person. Well, she was good for a couple of Persian rugs anyways. And lots of rice and lamb kebab: some form of national dish.

Iran, in the Western imagination, will always be that terrible place filled with fanatical terrorists, those terrible people who didn't want to let Sally Field take her baby back to America in that brilliantly rendered and true-to-life movie, *Not Without My Daughter*. It was such a poignant and touching film and really captured the spirit of the Iranian people.

Sadly, Iran is nothing like the film suggests. It is filled with more culture than you can shake a stick at. They have funeral monuments to poets and artists; beautiful strangers would stop us in the street just to say, "I hope you enjoy your stay in Iran." (I guess we looked kinda Western. My lovely wife hadn't really got the knack of the head scarf and she kept exposing a tuft of hair, temptress that she was.) Iran was filled with shopkeepers that would offer us tea, with taxi drivers that said, "No hotel! You must stay with my family tonight." It was filled with sexy men that chatted to us over the hubbly-bubbly pipe and offered to drive two hours out of their way so that we could see ruins of ancient Persia, when their empire stretched from Spain to China.

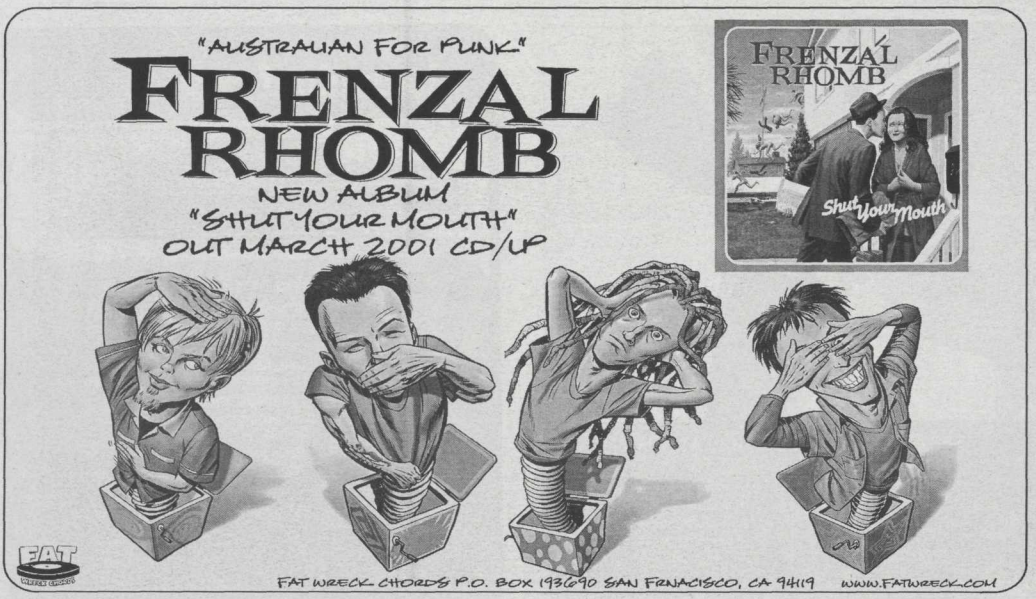
Indeed, the whole country seems like a place trapped in its own beautiful past: the opulence of their overthrown kings has left us a country that seems like a James Bond holiday. Like Eastern Europe in spring, the boxy cars and modernist styles, all mystery and history. Adding to the *007* mystique, we were only picked up by the secret police once. They stopped us on the streets, ushered us into a nondescript dirty white car, and checked us for "hashish, heroin, or peeeestols."

We were confused as to what the "peeeestols" were for a while, but thankfully we had left our semi-automatic machine guns at the hotel and had no peeeestols. They even checked our arms for track marks. Iran and Afghanistan, the world's most fundamentalist, restrictive countries, have massive drug problems and supply Europe with something like 90% of its heroin. Connection? Who am I to judge?

Sadly, the frisks by the secret police and the army in the various airports and at various checkpoints were the closest I got to sex on my "honeymoon." For, although I spent my honeymoon drooling over the men—men in army uniforms with big guns; boys on motorbikes; men in the orange groves, the ones outside the poets' mausoleums; men and more men—the holiday was completed without a single offer of heretical nookie.

My wife was pleased to return to Kuwait, though only because she doesn't have to wear a headdress here. And, though I whine and complain about Kuwait, I was pleased to return. Sure I can't drink, the people are mostly assholes, there is very little accessible culture that does not include Toni Braxton or Eminem, there is nothing to do on a Saturday night but talk to my budgie and watch the sheep, but I was slightly excited to return—mostly so that I could access my email again.

The wife helps me out here. She's good. Besides, we're having a divorce party. You're all invited. Bring budgie food and beer. Sigh, only 93 days left to go until I am home… not that I'm counting. Not at all. •



louder than a bomb

nat x

This month I had planned to write a column about the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) conference in Quebec City; however, recently a friend of mine passed along an open letter to Canadian activists from former Black Panther Lorenzo Ervin which not only summed up most of what I wanted to say but also provided an example of the truly illusory nature of "freedom of expression" on this continent. What follows is a partial text of that letter:

Dear Canadian Friends,

I am very sorry that I cannot be there with you in Calgary or Lethbridge, to discuss issues of racism, police brutality, and capitalist globalization. It is not due to my wishes, and totally out of my control for these events to occur. The US border officials have contacted Canadian immigration officials about the great "threat" that I represent, and as a result Canadian immigration authorities have seen fit to bar me from coming into the country until I can produce "evidence" that I am a person of "fit character" and have no outstanding felony legal cases. Of course, since I left Canada, not even two weeks ago after a speaking engagement at Concordia University in Montreal, this is clearly nonsense. Further, I have entered Canada at least 15 times in the last five years and never been stopped before by border guards. They have no reason at all to assume that I constitute a "clear and present danger" to state security. This is not to say that I am no longer a revolutionary Anarchist or that my message is a tame one preaching peace or non-violence, it's just that contrary to what the officials think, all Anarchists do not wear a long black cloak with a bomb underneath, and all Black people do not have a propensity to personal acts of violence. Some of us Anarchists even get to wear nice sweaters and jackets, with our speaking notes underneath; and surprisingly some Black people have nice manners and even know how to speak fairly proper English. I am one.

But let us cut to the chase: the Canadian authorities did not like what I said when I was last there in January about resisting the Free Trade Area of the Americas meeting to be held in Quebec City and how all

activists in the Americas have a responsibility to attend and protest the meeting this coming April. They did not like me calling these FTAA "statesmen" what they really are: a "group of international gangsters."

They did not appreciate my accusation that the global capitalist entities like the G8 (now G20) are responsible for all the suffering, murder, and oppression of poor people all over the world. That global capitalism is responsible for mass exoduses to Europe, America, and Canada because of austerity policies forced upon various governments by the IMF, WTO, and other "alphabet soup institutions." They did not like it when I said that these institutions are also responsible for all the police state regimes in Latin America and starvation of peasants all over the hemisphere. They did not like it when I said that "Baby Doc" (George Dubya) would be coming to Canada to shit all over the land and people of the Americas, and that that idiot Chrétien would be trailing after him like a tame puppy dog. They did not like it when I talked about the internal colonialism of native peoples in Canada, and they sure as hell didn't like it when I talked about homelessness, police brutality, and the rise of the prison-industrial complex in the Americas being an integral part of the "new" global capitalism. So that is why they did not want me there to speak to you.

We need to protest what has happened to me now by the Canadian government, not just because it happened to a so-called "prominent individual," but because we must fight for the principle of the right to speak and travel freely, and oppose militarized borders forbidding that. We cannot sit quietly around while they do their dirty work to ban political speakers coming to Canada (or the USA when you try to come over). The idea of banning someone on grounds of "having a criminal record" unless they are heads of state like Mandela, should be totally offensive to anyone who believes in civil liberties, not just Anarchists who reject the state. I am calling on you, who would have heard my talks, to go to the Canadian immigration service, and protest in front of [or inside] their building. I am asking you to write letters of complaint about their political censorship. I am asking you to get an attorney and sue the bastards. I am asking you to even pressure provincial politicians, as well as the Minister of Foreign Affairs/Immigration. I am asking you to take whatever action you find necessary to raise this issue publicly, and rescind their repressive policies. I hope that others in Europe and the USA will also protest this matter. I am vulnerable due to the attempted frame-up cases in the USA, and I really need your help to stop this political repression and censorship by Canadian authorities. I cannot do it all by myself, nor should I have to. STAND UP AND FIGHT! I would have enjoyed speaking there before you, and meeting many of you and working together in the future, but our battle is not over, and I do not ever give up. I hope that you will use this incident as fuel for even more attacks on the antiquated institution of the nation-state, which so fears one man and his message that they would ban me. I hope that you will really give them hell at the FTAA meeting in Quebec City now, to make Bush squirm and even break for the exits! Don't let these criminals get comfortable at their $1,000 plate dinners, and conference confab. Give 'em hell, and say I sent you. I am not the terrorist here: I have not killed, imprisoned, tortured, or detained anyone. I have not discriminated against anyone because of their race, nor sought to censor them from speaking in a public forum. It is the US and Canadian states, which should be on trial here, for their crimes and intolerance. I have merely sought to tell the truth, and it is that which they fear.

Love and struggle,
Lorenzo Komboa Ervin

It's nice to see an Anarchist who understands that revolutionary struggle means more than smashing Starbucks windows, burning dumpsters, and wrecking stolen BMWs like our comical masked friends in Seattle. •

KIA KADIRI

West Coast Diva Does It All...

Singer, lyricist, composer, and personality, Victoria's Kia Kadiri is fast becoming the West Coast's best-kept secret. That's not her plan though. She's been dazzling Vancity audiences at Full Clit, Under the Volcano, Context, and Sista'hood—to name a few shows—while socking it back home as frontwoman for the recently defunct funk band Solid 7, or during her hip hop residency with the Stirfry Crew at Lucky's. Shit. But that's all in the past.

By Hancunt

DiSCORDER: **You work in a few different genres. You don't define yourself solely as a hip hop artist, do you?**

Kia Kadiri: No.

You just made a pop album, didn't you?

Yeah.

That's interesting. You made a pop album in a deliberate attempt to do something that was good, but commercial.

Yep.

Well, talk about it!

It came down to the fact that I like writing in whatever style. If it's got a beat, if it's good music and musicianship, then I think it doesn't matter what style it is. But it's also nice to be able to write music that can be played on the radio, appeal to the masses. And people don't listen to [hip hop] with an open mind, they judge it, so they can listen to me sing happy pop songs.

You didn't actually really grow up listening to hip hop. How did you get into rhyming?

Through my friends Ozzie and Arimay, who were kind of my first black friends. [*We laugh*]

Did you meet because you were one of 15 or so black people in Victoria? Were they like, "Hey, there's a black girl"?

Pretty close. I met them through Noah Becker (Victoria Saxophonist/painter/weirdo). They were playing at this café, and I went down to the gig because Ozzie used to live in the house where I jammed with the first band I played with, this rock 'n' roll basement band. Ozzie said, "Hey, I've got this gig, you should check it out," and I thought that it would be really bad because he had this basement band that was really bad. But it turned out to be with Noah and (bassist) Sam Shoket and Arimay. I sat in with them that night and the next day they asked me to join their band, DIGG, and I learned about hip hop. Arimay taught me how to freestyle…

Is that something you can teach someone?

Well, yeah, we walked around in the woods and he gave us, like, writing exercises, topics, word plays, rhythms, patterns. We just hung out in the Walbran (Rainforest) for a month.

Do you think your experiences living in a squat in the Walbran and dealing with the RCMP and logging corporations politicized you?

Somewhat. Also just having black friends that were obviously not mainstream Victorians opened my mind up for the first time to the fact that there is racism. I never really noticed it before because I got treated like a white girl, you know what I mean? I grew up in that suburban society as an insider, not looked upon as a threat. Whereas Arimay, being a dreadlocked young black man from the US, experienced a lot of racial crap before, saw things differently than me, and he opened up my mind.

Do you think that you maybe didn't notice the really subtle brand of covert Canadian racism?

Not as much, and I still don't. I think it's because I'm a middle-class female. My brother did have a lot a racism directed at him. People are more threatened by him as black male—even when he was six years old, in Edmonton, I just remember him coming home and being sad because someone had called him a nigger or something. No one had ever, ever said anything to me like that. But I noticed when I was in NYC that there is definitely racism or prejudice directed against black people. It's not so much in Victoria. You know what I mean? The way people looked at me, and more overtly from the black people that looked at me because I was staying in white Manhattan where all the black people work. [It was] just like in the movies where the janitors and store clerks are all from the Bronx, and I spoke like a Canadian. I'm very educated, and they saw me a lot with my friend, a very wealthy white guy. I automatically just felt, "Oh, I'm a black person, I'm even worse, I'm an Oreo cookie." I noticed it a lot. But I also met lots of black people, musicians in the jazz clubs, when I was there and I met my aunt for the first time. She's 65 and has raised nine kids in the Bronx, she's still a schoolteacher in the Bronx. I described all this to her and she said, "Oh, it's not prejudice where you are," and I said that that wasn't true, there just aren't enough of us black people to be a threat. We don't experience the same degree or kind of racism directed against the First Nations people or Asians in Vancouver.

I want to talk about your music, and as we're also talking about gender and race, the way your gender protected you from one brand of discrimination. I wanted to bring up something that is succinctly described by Medusa (in the documentary *Nobody Knows my Name* by Rachel Raimist): "If someone didn't really know about hip hop, and they just turned on MTV or stared at album covers, they would think that hip hop hates women." What do you think about the scene in Vancouver? Is it supportive of women? There's big difference between the underground and mainstream hip hop scenes…

Yeah, it's really divided. The kids that are into the mainstream hip hop here I would say don't support women hip hop performers. Because there's not really anything to support—the type of lyrics they're looking for from the women… no one's willing to rhyme about how much they fuck.

I ask because most people who have seen you or Ndidi Cascade or QB doing hip hop had seen you at Full Clit, Lampin', Grrlapalooza, Under the Volcano, Sista'Hood—shows with a politicized, female-friendly or female-focused theme, produced by women. I wonder if the Vancouver hip hop scene does enough to nurture its female artists, because I don't see all of you getting booked too much.

I wouldn't say that they're out there trying too hard [*laughs*]. You know what I mean? I don't know if it comes down to whether they think that we're skilled enough or not—the women that are out there that want to be heard, maybe they think that we're not good enough or something like that. But I do get a lot of support from the male hip hop community, especially the male artists. They want to do recordings with me, so I can't say that I don't think they're supporting. But at the same time, I think that they do envy the fact that we get higher profile shows because the ones organized by the ladies tend to be better organized, but then they shut the door to us for the regular nights, the hip hop nights.

Let's switch gears: how far have you come as a lyricist in the past five years?

I think I've refined my timing, I have a better concept of what you can do rhythmically with lyrics. I need to work on my poetics and expand my vocabulary. But I have grown as an improv artist because I know how to listen. Tonight I'm going to go to my first battle.

So what are the future plans? Am I right or wrong in saying that one of the reasons you haven't left BC for the big time is because it's so beautiful here and you are such a hippie? What's it like being a hippie and a hip hop artist?

It's totally true. I am an Island girl. And that was one thing about my trip to NYC, after all the buildings and all the great shows, you still look at people and say to them honestly, "Where I live, there's mountains and water and lakes," and they all look at you and say, "Omigod, that's heaven." And it is, it's so beautiful here. Future plans are to work on a hip hop album, to go back to NYC in August and work with this producer that I met. I just did a recording with Moka Only that's going out on his next solo album on Mammal music, his own label. It's got international distribution so that's pretty cool. I'm probably going to be doing something with the City Planners crew, and maybe a track with Prevail from Swollen Members. Ndidi Cascade and I are going to start doing some writing together, and Sara Marreiros [Vancouver based jazz/bossanova singer] and I are going to hopefully work with drummer Sarka Kocicka. I'll probably be playing in Vancouver as part of the jazz festival. And good old Victoria, as far as it's concerned, who knows? •

SOLARBABY

BY SPIKE

When singer/songwriter Marq Desouza sent out a demo under the name Solarbaby to various record labels a few years ago, he had no idea that it would get so much attention—enough that he would not only be stuck with the band name, but he would also have to feverishly whip up a band. When Toronto label Teenage USA Recordings decided they wanted to release the demo—which, after being reworked and mastered, eventually became the band's 1998 debut *The Power of Negative Prayer*—they were not aware that the demo was entirely written and played by Desouza himself.

"I'd sent out a bunch of demos under different band names. I'd just make up band names because I didn't want people to think it was me solo, but at the time it was," explains Desouza. "I did all the drums and bass and whatever else was on there. I just happened to send out this one demo under the name Solarbaby, and out of all the demos I'd done, it really got a lot of good feedback from a lot of people. It just blossomed from there." On *The Power of Negative Prayer*, the band included Desouza on vocals and guitar, drummer Scott Anderson, and bass beater Justin Clow. The band managed to get local producing super-whiz John Shepp behind the board and the album was whipped off and local gigs ensued—both to rave reviews by local and nation-wide press.

Fast-forward two years. After a nation wide tour, an appearance at Canadian Music Week in Toronto and numerous local gigs, the band was in slight turmoil. Clow amicably left the band and was replaced by Russ Laturnus on bass for the new recording. While temporarily bass-less, Desouza recorded a solo album called Temporary Redemption and released that on his own Pale Horse Records imprint. "I had a lot of extra songs that Solarbaby wouldn't have room for. Some of them, stylistically, were just a little off the mark for the Solarbaby project," said Desouza. "Also, I was bored. That was the time that the band was kind of going through some upheavals, so I just did it to blow off some steam.

lisa lindsay • photo

"I did it so fast. I could have spent a lot more time, effort, and money on it, and I probably could have gotten somebody to put it out for me. But I didn't do any graphics or anything, I just put it in a cardboard sleeve, it was just kind of like a guerrilla recording. I just put everything I had into the actual recording of it—I did it half on four-track, half at a studio. I put it out as fast as I could and then almost right after that I started work on the new Solarbaby record. I didn't spend too much time promoting it or anything."

The sophomore release, *Another Sidewalk's Bloody Dream*, was recorded during the summer of 2000 at the increasingly infamous Utopia Parkway Studios with Shepp behind the controls again. Desouza explained why Shepp is the man for Solarbaby: "He's the perfect guy for us to work with. He lets us be ourselves, but he doesn't let us get away with too much. Your ear in the studio is different than anywhere else." Desouza continues, "You're hearing things a lot of times in a row, so you start to see them in a coloured way, and it's not really representative of what it really is. He's good because he can be objective for us. I worked with him on my solo record, and I can't picture myself working with anyone else."

The band added Greg Zakis on bass after the recording sessions were completed in the late summer, and Laturnus moved over to second guitar. The constant local gigging ensued again. Now that the new album was done, how to release it? Desouza found that although Teenage USA was supportive of the band's efforts, it was prohibitive to conduct business with a label located halfway across the country: "That did make it difficult to maintain any sort of strategic game plan as far as marketing stuff goes, just because of the distance thing. "We still talk to them periodically. But, you know, we probably talk to them now as much as we did when we were on the label, which is not much," explains Desouza when asked if there was any animosity between band and label. Desouza decided to release the album himself on Pale Horse and get somebody to distribute it for them. He struck up a deal with local label and distributor, Scratch Records.

"As far as Scratch goes, we were just looking for somebody to handle distribution because that's a huge area of work that we didn't want to do," Desouza said with a laugh. "So we looked around, and Scratch was really cool and was totally into putting out the CD. They knew us through Teenage USA before, so it was quite a simple task to get them to put it out for us. Now it's out there. It haven't seen it in stores yet, but some friends have. So at least I know it's out there. It's pretty easy to work with them. I don't have to worry about double talk or anything. They do what they say, and we do what we say, and that's the way it should be. We just give them the CDs and it's in their hands. I know it's in the stores, so I know they've been doing their part of the agreement."

Another Sidewalk's Bloody Dream was launched with a release party on February 3 at the Railway Club alongside locals Star Collector. The raves have started pouring in for the new album, which has been played on CBC and across the country on campus radio. All signs point to the fact that this new CD may be more successful than the debut. Desouza credits that to the songwriting and retooled sound: "Power... was sort of a quick fix. People got into it instantly—and I'm sure people still like it—and the new record might take a little longer to get into, but it's going to have more legs than the first one did. You have to really listen to the new album and a lot of people say that the songs strike you in different ways the more times you hear them. You hear things in a line that you didn't necessarily pick up on the first time you heard it. I know that people will have to listen to the music fairly closely to identify with it."

And what of the fact that the new album's more "alt. country" flavour has garnered many mentions and has got the band lumped together, comparatively at least, with other local roots rockers like Radiogram, Flophouse Jr. and Jonathan Inc.?

"I don't really mind it. It's the same thing as with the first record. People said it was pop and lumped us in with bands like The Salteens. That was fine with me. Now they put us in with Rich Hope and John Ford and such. That's fine with me, too because everybody needs to put it into some sort of category, but I know we can cover all those bases and not just whatever anybody says about us." •

April 20, Backstage Lounge
April 27, Ms. T's Cabaret

After a sold-out show at the Sugar Refinery, I had the chance to ask Carey Mercer of Frog Eyes a few questions. Although this may seem like a simple task, I assure you for the likes of me it is not. ("Who needs to prepare questions," I told myself on the way there, "I'll just freestyle, goddamn it!") Thankfully, Carey had a lot to say about my somewhat meager questions. After a riotous orgy of drink and dance the likes of which the Sugar Refinery had never seen before, these were the results.

DiSCORDER: **Are you the principal songwriter in the band?**

Carey Mercer: Yep, but the keyboardist [Spencer] does a lot with the songs. If you listen to his lines versus what I come to as the core, you probably wouldn't even recognize the songs. Mike, who also played in the Blue Pine, is a good bass player because he knows the intrinsic value of bass. And Mel, our drummer, has only been playing for three weeks.

How long have you been playing together as Frog Eyes?

About three weeks.

Is there any reason that your band transformed from Blue Pine to Frog Eyes?

Well, the usual... actually, not really. I'm trying to be aware as a songwriter of the people you bounce things off, everyone has a different reaction to things. And if you bounce it off new people you get different things. It doesn't mean that Blue Pine was getting stale, this is just something I find myself more interested in doing.

How long was Blue Pine around for?

About a year and a half. And we all had a good time. I find it strange how people react to a name change or a band breaking up. Someone brought up the fact that it is simply hard for the consumers to keep track of all the bands. I'm sure everyone can relate to the experience of going into a music store and being overwhelmed by the number of bands there. I find myself thinking I wish that I could just find a CD that I liked!

Do these kind of considerations weigh into the decisions made in the band?

Well, if you get an idea in your head and it stays there for a while, you should probably just go with it, I suppose. The important part is that good songs get made, and I think this is a better way for me to make good songs.

I noticed that Frog Eyes is much noisier than Blue Pine.

It is more direct, but we have a lot of softer songs as well. I think that Blue Pine would be the median to Frog Eyes because there are some songs with just me on piano, which are very slow, then there are others which are total rockplosions—which is a hard thing to pull off without being goofy, pretentious or just inconsistent. So that's a definite challenge and the question remains, does it work? But it is certainly more direct than Blue Pine.

What were your motives when you started Blue Pine?

When we started Blue Pine a lot of the reaction seemed to be, "They are sort of strange or eccentric." Our intention was to form a band that could play on the BC Ferries; a softer side of CCR or something. So in our intent we miserably failed, which is kinda funny.

Do you have any sort of musical training?

No. Spencer the piano player is [trained]. In Blue Pine, Eric the guitarist had training, he provided a lot of the melody for Blue Pine. Spencer has a similar role in Frog Eyes. Eric would take a root

INTERVIEW AND PHOTO BY JAY DOUILLARD

melody of mine, and it was like a flower. Spencer is different. It is this lucky thing that has always happened to me that people who know how to play their instruments want to play with me. Born under a lucky sign I suppose. We really adopt this position of amateurism. The simple joy of playing music. I know this sounds like a mundane point, but it really can't be stressed enough—I think the doctrine of amateurism is really interesting because it distills this idea that the only thing we are trying to do is go out and enjoy ourselves and establish a rapport with other people. Not to just overwhelm an audience.

So you want the audience to become active participants?

I think the audience is into that; it is nice to see at all times. People breaking out of the shell of "arms-crossed-indie-rocker." Sometimes it is really sad because you get the sense that people really want do that, but no one is willing to grab the reins and say, "Let's do it!" Unfortunately it is usually the really drunk people that want to do it, which is sort of too bad. But I guess that is just a pragmatic truth.

Where did you grow up?

I was born in Vernon, but I'm chiefly from Smithers, BC. That informs a lot of my decisions.

You live in Victoria now. Do you like there?

I think that because it is on an island, by its geographical definition it creates a need for bands to at least attempt to make their own music. And I think there is a supportive community there. I don't think that I would be writing songs at all in Vancouver or any big city. There is an interesting number of bands from Victoria. I don't want to be "scene pride guy," I'm certainly not—I hate a lot of people in Victoria, but I love a lot of people too. There is nothing special about the people, we don't just eat special food there. It is the geographical aspects. The popular culture in Victoria is so British, old world British. That is what I like about it, because it is a real battle. Some things make me really disgusted to live in that city, and there has to be some way to express that. I think that might be the common ground of the bands from Victoria. [And that] is why I like Victoria.

Is there a general theme to your lyrics?

I would say they are fragmented images that somehow relate to one another. More specifically for a song and less so with an album. I think that the first Blue Pine album had a lot to do with geography, the vastness and importance of land. But it is not something that I can form into an acute point. It is something that strikes me both as obvious and complex and interesting. It is really hard to talk about because I really don't know if it's the real answer to that question. And that's the way I like it.

Are you recording anytime soon?

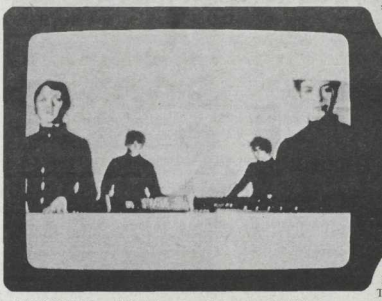
Yeah, we are recording in March. Another Blue Pine album has been recorded, but we have not yet decided if it is worth putting it out since the band has already broken up. •

Discography

Blue Pine *s/t* (Global Symphonic, 2000)

Glossy fashion magazines, eyeliner, lipstick... high heels clicking against the pavement, you enter the new wave disco where everyone seems to be dancing robotically to the synthesized sounds. As you emerge from your retro reverie you realize that you're really just sitting in your bedroom listening to *604*, the new album by Ladytron.

Ladytron are four from Liverpool. Two boys, Danny Hunt and Reuben Wu and two girls, Helen Marnie and Mira Aroyo. They are a human league with a vision to bring us the best of 1980 in a 2001 kind of way. Or is it the best of 2001 in a 1980 kind of way? From whatever perspective you take, it's the sort of music that takes you on an aural electronic journey. Taking their name from a song by Roxy Music (who were the glamourous predecessors to the whole synth-pop movement in the late '70s and early '80s), Ladytron have created music that is catchy and cool. Mira and Helen use their vocals in a minimalist deadpan manner not unlike our favourite man-machines Kraftwerk on top of beats that even Giorgio Moroder would be proud of. However, don't be completely fooled by their atavistic analogue activities! Ladytron's hypnotic tunes hold their own whichever decade you choose.What follows is an email interview with the predominant patriarch of the Ladytron legacy, Danny.



Ladytron

by Christine Gfroerer

DiSCORDER: **How did Ladytron come to be a band? At this stage all I know is that Helen met Mira on a train travelling somewhere.**

Danny Hunt: Reuben and I have known each other since we were younger. We both lived in Liverpool, and both DJ'd to an extent. He then went off to study product design in Sheffield, and I stayed put and worked on music. When he came back, some of the songs existed already, and we used that to start the band, meeting Helen in a club in Liverpool, and Mira being introduced to us through her.

Why did you decide to be completely electronically-based?

I just didn't want to be in a guitar band. There are enough of them about already. Also I've collected old synths since I was a teenager, so we had these instruments lying around which we used.

The equipment that you use obviously sounds like old analogue synths. Was it difficult to find them and use them? With today's technology it just seems like it would be easier to use the new stuff. I don't know much about that sort of thing, but is there any new equipment that can somewhat mimic the sounds and properties of the older equipment? Did you have a purpose and a desire to only use older gear?

As I said in the last question, I've collected that stuff since I was about 16, 10 years. It had no commercial value when I was picking those keyboards up at flea markets and the like. The synths themselves are easier to use and a lot more tactile than modern stuff, to the extent that modern synths now try and replicate the controls and feel of 20-30 year old synthesizers. The main issue though is cost: I wouldn't and couldn't afford to spend more on one new synth, a Nordlead or a Waldorf, than I spent on all of our keyboards put together.

There is no delicate way to ask this question, but tying into the fact that you use older equipment, there are very apparent comparisons and influences from bands like the Human League, Gary Numan, OMD, Kraftwerk, and various other early '80s bands. It makes me suspect that your record collection contains copious amounts of this sort of music... would you care to elaborate on this?

Our record collections are quite removed from what people expect. I've been DJing northern soul and rare funk for six years. There are lots of '60s influences on the LP that are overlooked because the instruments we use are from the late '70s and early '80s. I obviously own Human League and Kraftwerk records, I don't own any Gary Numan, and OMD? With them being from Liverpool, and me knowing a little too much about them, they have a credibility problem for me. Andy McClusky is the guy behind "Atomic Kitten," and I know that before they became OMD, they were a progressive rock band called Pegasus. These little things make it difficult to take seriously. "Electricity" is still a great song, though. No one remembers that Flock of Seagulls were from Liverpool too.

There's quite a lot of good current material to perhaps draw from as a reference. Is there any new stuff that you and the band particularly enjoy?

Overload by Sugababes was our combined favourite record of 2000. There's lots of good music being made at the moment, but I wouldn't say anything in the underground or leftfield was an influence on that record. We get compared to groups with keyboards—Add N to (X), etc.—I love them, but the only thing in common we have is a studio full of dusty crackling antiques.

Another question that is difficult to avoid is that with your distinct sound—which definitely takes a new slant on the exciting stuff that was developing in the '80s—there might be a plethora of copycats or wannabes riding on your coattails. What are your feelings about that? Would you find it aggravating, or would you be happy that others would be inspired by your sound?

To be honest, this is something I had never considered, until today, because there was a *Loot* ad [that said] "Keyboardist required for band: influences Human League, Kraftwerk, Ladytron, etc." That freaked me out. I'd never considered what we are doing to be potentially influential; it is not something that had ever entered my mind. I just hope that if we are, then people do it their own way and use the lessons we've learned to create something new, instead of dressing like us and trying to replicate us.

Some of the bands I'm thinking of that are your peers in this movement Add N To (X), Baxendale, Chicks on Speed, Magnetic Fields, even Air (sort of) and, well, a lot of the bands found on the Human League tribute album. Any opinions or thoughts?

Baxendale, I've known for a long time. Tim used to live in Liverpool, I've got him singing those songs on tape from 1993. I wouldn't call them peers really, their attitude is completely different. Chicks neither, I don't see the comparison, but it's often made. Magnetic Fields, I don't own a single record, and laughed my head off when he was cited as an influence. Air, I think sonically we've got something in common, but again, different attitude.

One thing I have to mention which I personally thought was quite hilarious (yet intrigued by the idea) was the "Romo" scene that the *Melody Maker* created about five or six years ago. Of course, it was developed by journalists to create hype and sell magazines, but without a doubt there were some bands involved that were trying to resurrect synth-pop. Is there anything positive that can be extracted from that whole thing?

That thing was an embarrassment. It set electronic pop music back 20 years. When that *Melody Maker* ran, it was hysterical, because one of the singers in one of the bands went to my school. I laughed my head off. There was nothing musical there at all, so nothing positive can be drawn from it. They loved all the bad things about the '80s. It was all about dressing up in frilly shirts and wearing bad makeup. That's all terrible. I've always liked the sound of, say, Visage's *Fade To Grey*, with the silly costumes stripped away. The visual identity of that period damages the credibility of the music made back then.

Your melodies and hooks are dead on. How did you come up with such super songs? Is it a collaborative effort throughout the group or is there one of you that supplies most of the ideas?

On this album, I wrote them all, but it was a collaboration too. I think there's always a person in a band where most of the drive comes from, with the other members adding crucial ingredients.

Are any of the band members formally trained in music?

Helen is classically trained on piano, Reuben on violin. I don't know what any musical notes or chords are, it's all by ear and memory for me.

So now I'm going to ask you about your live show! It's kind of a given that electronic bands sometimes don't have much to offer in the way of an exciting live performance so they hire silly dancers or whatever. I know that you're far too cool for this sort of thing, but something tells me with the style of your music that you might appreciate drama or theatrics of some sort. So what kind of things can we look forward to when we are lucky enough to catch you on stage?

We just play the songs, it's very functional, we don't create artifice by jumping about onstage like bands seem to think they have to in order to entertain. The lineup of the band and the way we look should be enough to make it interesting, we don't want to rely on gimmicks. Having said that, the stage show is still developing, we've only played about 15 concerts—seven of which were in the past month.

Earlier I mentioned the Human League tribute album *Reproductions*. How did you get involved with that?

Skippy from March Records just asked us. We had only done one single at that point, and it was before we signed to Emperor Norton in the States. We recorded and mixed it in three hours, and I think it sounds like that.

And speaking of other collaborations and projects, furthermore, how did you meet up with French producer Bertrand Burgalat (a personal favourite of mine) to remix the track "He Took Her To A Movie"?

Bertrand I've known for about four years. He heard demos before Ladytron really existed properly and wanted to work with us. He's a genius—difficult, but a genius.

Anyway, moving along... I get this feeling that perhaps you might be destined for bigger things with your potential for mass appeal. How would that affect you in terms of fame and popularity? Everyone knows that the British music press is a bit savage, if they decided they liked you, would you co-operate with them? Have they noticed you yet?

The British press is shrinking, in size and importance. On the whole they like us, but as you'd expect there are people who think we have no right to exist. Having said that, *604* has been album of the month/week in just about every publication, so we must be doing something right. We made a point of not playing in London for a long time because we don't want to pander to the press.

I imagine at this time you might just be concentrating on promoting *604*, but if you were to work on new material would you stay in the same vein or will there be a constant evolution in your sound?

Evolution. I'm frustrated and want to begin the next record immediately, some of it is already there. *604* is like four years' work in a way, and was finished a year ago. I really want to get another album finished this year.

You've probably been interviewed by some other folks from Vancouver already who may have told you this, but did you know that "604" is our local telephone area code? Where did "604" come from?

It was a reference to lots of things: *Andromeda Strain*, a processor, a Renault, your area code. •

Photos from video by Ann Goncalves

TWO KNOBS AND ONE TWIDDLER:

AMON TOBIN BY LUKE MEAT AND ROBERT ROBOT

DiSCORDER: **Welcome to Vancouver! Growing up in Brazil, was there pressure put on a child to become the best soccer player in the world, as it is here in Canada with hockey?**

Amon Tobin: I don't know. I didn't have those sorts of motivations when I was growing up. I moved to Europe at a fairly young age, so I didn't really know where I was and therefore no real soccer ambitions. I was living in a squat in Amsterdam when I was four, so it was kind of different.

What brought you to Europe in the first place?

My mother traveled when I was very young, we left Brazil for Morocco when I was two, then Amsterdam, then London, and then back to Brazil again, then back to Europe. Brighton has been my home now for about 10 years.

Easy-E is to 40 oz. bottles of malt liquor and misogyny as Amon Tobin is to…

[laughs] Cardiovascular workouts.

I saw an Akai S-612 sampler, one of the earliest samplers ever made, for only 60 dollars at a pawnshop last week…

Oh wow!!!

…and I was wondering what was your first equipment get-up?

If you really want to know, it's really tragic. It was a Casio S-One. And an Amstrad Studio 100 tape-to-tape, you ever see one of those? A beautifully constructed machine *[laughs]* they had these great faders that were painted on instead of LED. I've still got one in a basement somewhere, but I don't think it would be of any use. I still really miss that old Casio though.

Is there any sound that should not be sampled?

No! People are doing interesting stuff with Christina Aguilera even, and getting her and just like, chopping her up. You can get these amazing bootlegs of cut-up stuff.

In that case, are you familiar with the documentary *Sonic Outlaws* which features artists such as Negativland, John Oswald, E.B.N., and The Tape Beatles?

Oh yeah! I've heard about it.

Should sound be copyrighted?

I think sampling kind of bewildered a lot of people in the legal musical world because it's very hard to draw the line between plagiarism, creative sampling, and referential sampling, where you're taking something as a reference to point to somewhere else. I don't know. I'm not even sure of the laws, y'know, what constitutes a rip-off and what doesn't? Morally, I think sampling is a more direct and credible way of using existing notes in your own music, than say, picking up an acoustic guitar and going, "Well, I like 'Smoke on the Water,' so I'm going to do something that sounds a bit like 'Smoke on the Water'" and then call it your own. The thing about sampling is you're saying, "None of this belongs to me and all I take credit for is not the source material, but this is what I've done with it" and hopefully people can recognize where the sample is from and they understand where it's gone. There's an integrity there, I think, which gets lost with plagiarism, when people take credit for sound that isn't theirs.

You mentioned in an earlier interview that "black music" influences you. What is "black music"?

I must have been talking about blues again. I suppose all music is "black music" to some extent nowadays, but "white music" too—it's just so hybrid now. It's another thing I think ties in well with this whole sampling thing. It's one of the main reasons why I got so excited about sampling. I didn't feel like I was qualified to put out a record where I was playing blues. It doesn't have anything to do with colour—it's what time you live in as well, and what place you live in. I think you have to be from a certain era and have a certain background in order to produce that specific type of music. What you can do with sampling is you can say "Well, even though I wasn't living in the '50s, and I'm not a black man with that kind of history, this music still has an effect on me. It still has a place in my world, and it's relevant. I can twist it and make it into something all about where I am and what I'm doing."

Your side project is called Cujo. What's your favorite Stephen King novel?

[laughs] I would have to say *The Shining*. *[laughs again]* I see what you mean though. It's a cool name, but I haven't read the book.

What determines what becomes a Cujo track and what becomes an Amon Tobin track?

The Cujo thing is dead anyways now, just because the label, Ninebar Records, has since gone under. We never released stuff simultaneously—it wasn't a change in style. It was another label, hence another name.

Os Mutantes played the Music Populaire Festival in 1968 and got booed off the stage for having nothing to do with traditional Brazilian music. If you had played this festival, do you think you would have been booed off the stage?

Well, I don't know. It would depend if they'd set me up as some "Brazilian boy made good," or if they accepted the fact that I'm as much European as Brazilian, I suppose. The thing is I've never really flown the flag, I've never gone around going, "Hey, I'm from Brazil. I make this kind of music because I'm from here." I use Brazilian sounds in my music because I love them, and that's the only reason I use them. If they booed me off stage it would mean that they'd missed the point, which is I suppose what they did with Os Mutantes as well. They're awesome! Yeah, man, they're awesome. I've been collecting their vinyl; they've been putting out lots of good reissues lately, which is great.

Which leads me to my next question: Has David Byrne *really* done anything for Brazilian music?

I don't know. It's like Stan Getz—did he really do anything for Brazilian music? Anyone who brings it out to more people is, I suppose, expanding it and making people more aware, but whether they're having an impact on the music itself? I guess I just don't know enough about what he's done.

I understand that you used to study photography. How does the visual segue into your music?

I have the same idea when I take pictures as when I'm making music. I have this whole thing about making very unspectacular things look spectacular. I think that's the same approach I'm trying to have with samples, where it's not about raw material but what you do with it. So I used to take pictures of foam, for example—you know, shaving foam—and I'd try to make landscapes out of shaving foam, that sort of thing. That's where *Adventures in Foam* [Cujo's first release] came from. All the pictures on there came from those experiments. But of course you've got the wack American version without all the pictures on it.

> "MORALLY, I THINK SAMPLING IS A MORE DIRECT AND CREDIBLE WAY OF USING EXISTING NOTES IN YOUR OWN MUSIC…"

Yeah, we got the Shadow Records release.

Fucking Shadow, the cover is the least of their sins, man; they cut up that record with a knife and fork. The thing is that the original album was one of those swishy albums that went from one track to another. What they did was they took a track and chopped it up in a completely different order and they couldn't even figure out where a track started and ended, so half the tracks are starting in the wrong place and ending in the wrong place.

Here's another pointed question.

All right, load me up.

Kraftwerk had mannequins, Aphex Twin has dancing bears. What do you have in your live performance?

Oh, wow, I have dancing girls, and lights and smoke, and mirrors. *[laughs]*

How do you feel about props in a live performance?

I don't know, I keep it quite stripped down really, I'm not really into the whole performance thing anyway, you know what I mean. Going back to being a rock star, picked up some dry ice and going on the road!

Label cohorts interrupt interview with questions of pizza choices. Amon decides that he will have the "bum a fag" special as usual. A saucy Hawaiian number is finally agreed upon. The label mates discuss when they will play, and instruct Amon not to suck tonight.

Back to the article on you printed in the *Georgia Straight*. You said you had all these noises and you wanted to make them sound coherent. Does noise have to necessarily be coherent? Does noise always have to have a music value?

I'm not sure what you're asking.

Do you think that noise is valid in a musical sense?

Of course. Yeah, absolutely. I don't know. It depends on what your definition is. I think that if it works in context with the other sounds, as long as it's not just some vacant space filler. I think that's the problem when you get into that sort of noisescapes. You know what I mean, well that could be substituted for any other sound. I think what makes a musical composition, or something worth listening to, is the fact that it is constructed in some way where the things balance each other out. You know they lend each other something, you know there's a tension there. And it shouldn't just be something totally random otherwise it's kind of pointless.

Is there any particular place you think it would be interesting to hear your music?

I don't really think about it at all. People ask me all the time about making tracks for dance floors as opposed to making tracks for the bedroom or something. I'm interested about this sound thing you're talking about. Are you talking about music concrete?

I believe so, I don't know much about music concrete… I'm just getting exposed to Stockhausen and the like, that's the area I'm coming from.

It's pretty fascinating.

Not necessarily entertaining to listen to, but I think it's important that it's out there.

You know, entertainment has never really been the issue anyway, right; it's about whether it's worth doing, and whether it's worth listening too, whether you are in excruciating pain or whatever, the fact that you're sitting there, and you're not going away, and you're interested in what's going to happen next I think is a valid reason for making it. I have the same attitude for films. [I was] watching *Henry: A Portrait of a Serial Killer*, and just sitting there and thinking, "Wow I'm not enjoying this at all, but this is fucking great." It's just the fact that it has an effect on you, and you're interested and fascinated by it, even if you're not enjoying it. This idea that you have to enjoy things for them to be worthwhile is kind of… it's not a very good criteria, I think.

That being said about films, it seems that soundtracks nowadays are just compilations of songs that are funded by the movie company, or on a label that is associated with a movie company. But there are seldom composers that do soundtracks anymore. Ennio Morricone comes to mind. Are there any composers who have inspired you?

Oh yeah, you named one of them. My favorite is probably Bernard Herrmann, he did all the Hitchcock stuff. Amazing, just the best stuff you ever heard. He did *Psycho*.

I've always imagined that people who make electronically-based music are somewhat technical, and I'm wondering how that relates to home tech. Do you have any power tools?

The thing is that I'm not very technical to start off with. I use what I need to do what I want. I'm not really into kit. My studio is really quite sparse, especially because I'm not using synthesizers anyway. Actually, I have no use for power tools either. I'm a pretty DIY guy. I admitted that to myself a long time ago, and I'm living with my broken-down shelves, my wobbly seats. I'm all about trying to learn something inside and out, and trying to get the most out of it and moving on. Rather than thinking, "Well I've got this great new thing, what the fuck do I do with this?"

Do you bother with magazines like *Mix*, to find out what the newest toy on the market is?

Every now and again. The thing that has really gotten me excited is the Variphase processor. Have you seen that Roland thing? I don't really use it as a sampler, but it is a kind of sampler that has a different way of coding the samples. It's just a time stretch machine, but it does the thing that I've always wanted to do since I was 17, straight away. Which is just to play all the samples on a keyboard. But say, you can start the sample on this key and finish it on that key. That's what I find with equipment, it never does anything new, it only ever makes what you want to do simpler and simpler. You never find a piece of kit that makes you go, "Wow, that does something completely new." It's always just making your life easier, which is great.

And in closing, Amon Tobin, if asked to do a duet with Eminem, would you do it?

Wow, oh Jesus. Fuck yeah I reckon!

What about Elton John?

Elton John I draw the line [at] you know. Maybe I should draw the line at Eminem. I don't know. •

How To Make It In The World Of Rock:

Weights and measures

Unlocks the Forbidden Secrets!

On my lunch break, after work, or even in the middle of the night, my dad has a habit of calling me up and talking about how to make it in today's world. Working a poverty-line record store job, free-lancing as a music reporter, and learning how to play drums on the sly isn't exactly his idea of me hitting it big. Yes sir, no matter what side of the industry you work in, making it in the world of rock is tough. I can only imagine what it's like for kids who decide to take their weekend jam practices out of the garage. Rock star dreams are shared by millions, but only a few of 'em make it. If only there was some sorta-plan... some sort of map pointing the way to the land of glitter and glam. Yeah, that's the ticket. Then all of us guitar wielding, fame-crazed maniacs would be a shoe-in for the next Rob Halford.

Well fear no more! Ottawa post rockers Weights and Measures has come to save us from our pitiful lives of playing backyard birthday parties for the neighbours kids! Just for *DiSCORDER* readers like yourselves, they've thrown together a special four-step guide to making it in rocks-ville.

Weights and Measures formed back in the summer of 1998 when guitarist Kevin Jagernauth, bassist Samir Khan, and drummer Jeremy Gara (Samir and Jeremy are members of the band Kepler) came together to bring Ottawa and the world some of the best, their first and only self-titled album has a distant and probing air about it; it's loaded with high-tension melodies where guitar, bass, and drums either fall into synchronized melodies or crazed rhythmic free-for-alls. Punkers like Shellac or even smarty-pants like Don Caballero ain't got nothing on this band, that's for sure.

Their guide to rock ain't bad either. It's all about guitars, ladies, and the stock market. Yeah. They've got it all figured out.

photo shawn scallen

THE ROAD TO ROCK: A 4-STEP GUIDE ACCORDING TO WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

(with a little help from Lia)

1) The Market Dictates All

Got some artsy-fartsy vision that you're just playing music for the love of music? Ditch that romantic notion, my friends. It's all about the cash.

"When we first got together, we all decided it was best we try for the big stupid loud rock band," says Khan. "At the time it seemed to be a good way to make a lot of money, and that's turned out not to be the case."

Khan would like everyone to note that while Weights and Measures has earned plenty of critical respect, they have yet to make a dime from their music.

"That's really disappointing to me, actually," says Khan during an interview from his Ottawa home. He even admits that Weights and Measures feel they have exhausted their current style and fans should expect something new and exciting on their upcoming EP, slated for release later this summer.

"I dunno if it's gonna be drastically changed, but something is gonna be different about our band in the future," he says.

Khan's also quick to point out that it's important to develop a snappy business plan and execute it quickly! Khan admits this is one area where Weights and Measures slacked.

"We were hoping to link with the high-tech stocks, assuming there would be good synchronicity between Weights and Measures and the economic realities of the world," says Khan. "Now we're all going to shit. I mean, we're all fucked..."

You snooze, you loose.

Although Khan admits there's still a chance for Weights to show up on the DOW, "We haven't gone public yet," he says. "We're still waiting on our IPO."

2) None of Those Hippie-Dippie Lyrics

Heck, let's *face it*. Everyone seems to have something to say these days. So it's a nice refreshing change when a band like Weights and Measures knows the importance of a good drum beat here and an excellent guitar twang there.

When it comes to deciding if there's more important things about your band than angst-ridden poetry, Khan says the answer is simple.

"Vocals interfere with our ability to do rock moves. Kevin used to sing for a couple of shows in a few songs and I thought he was really good!" says Khan. "But he thought it interfered with his chord selection...and his moves."

Khan doesn't doubt that guitar and hip swingin' action has earned the band much of the fame it has today. Besides, executing guitar riffs like Yngwie Malmsteen never went out of style is an asset often overlooked by novice rocksters.

3) Big Publicity Stunts

Do something... anything. Just make sure you did it with larger-than-life style. It's all about the right person standing up to take notice.

For Weights and Measures, that chance came with a friendly neighbourhood magazine called *Vice*.

"The *Vice* article is the shtick we did," says Khan. "It was just a publicity stunt and *Vice* is, yeah, whatever."

What Khan is referring to is the article where they affectionately dubbed themselves as "The Pak Attack," or that Jagernauth is one of the only 'brown' guitarists in the history of rock since Soundgarden's Kim Thayil.

"Everything about this band is a joke," says Khan. "We're just trying to be funny in any way possible... be it at our own expense or someone else's."

Either way, the shtick paid off.

"We were trying to find someone to put out our record and uh, that's actually how a lot of people first heard of our band," says Khan.

Now they're signed to Montreal's Matlock Records, home to the likes of the Wooden Stars, North of America, and The Plan. Need I say more?

4) Have Plenty of Other Things to Do

Now and again, we all have to think realistically. Even for the most talented of superstars, rock 'n' roll takes time to develop. Therefore, it's important to have plenty of hobbies. After all, idle hands are the devil's playthings!

The boys of Weights and Measures have taken heed to this little life rule and have developed plenty of other side projects. Khan and Gara are members of Ottawa's slow-core rock band, Kepler. A four-member band that boasts a dark and unsettling post-rock sound (which, by the way, does include vocals), Kepler is just starting to gain some much-deserved recognition.

"Kevin was actually playing in a band called Prisons Come Home," says Khan. "We just all knew each other from the local punk scene and that's how things started."

There's also Snailhouse, a project fronted by Mike Feuerstack of the Wooden Stars and backed up by Khan and Gara. Expect this sound to be a departure from all things Weights and Measurey. Snailhouse is an eerie blend of pop melodies and vocals which only the likes of Nick Drake could replicate.

"We're figuring if one band doesn't make it big, one of the others will!" says Khan.

That's what I call planning!

So there you have it. Rockstardom is but a leap and a bound (or two) away! No longer do aspiring rockers need to sport those tight, leopard-print package-displaying pants that the likes of Steven Tyler made famous. Nah, all you really need to be is a squishy little AV kid with a bad attitude. •

Weights and Measures with North Of America
Friday, May 11 • The Marine Club

Snailhouse
Saturday, May 12 • Vancouver, TBA

by lia kiessling

AT LARGE entertainment PRESENTS...

TUESDAY APRIL 3, 2001 CiTR 101.9 fM
AT LARGE Entertainment & CiTR present

HOT WATER MUSIC
LEATHERFACE

SMALL BROWN BIKE & THE RED LIGHT STING
The Grandview Legion • 2205 Commercial Drive
$12 adv. @ Scratch, Zulu, Noize. All Ages Door 7:00pm/Show 7:30pm

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SUPERSUCKERS
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THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY
THE EXPLOSION
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Zulu, Scratch.and Noize
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$12 adv. @ Ditch, Lyle's Place, & The Icehouse. Door 9:30pm/Show 10:00pm

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AT LARGE Entertainment, ATOMIQUE & EXCLAIM! present

Lowest of the Low
THE WEAKERTHANS
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WEDNESDAY MAY 23, 2001 **The Starfish Room**

ECBOA
Plus Guests
TIX @ Scratch, Zulu, Highlife
Noize.Door 9:00pm/Show 9:30pm

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CANNED HAMM tour diary

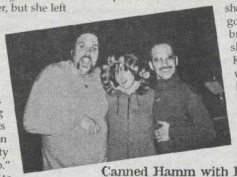
March 2001

By Little Hamm of Canned Hamm

When internationally renowned comedian—"The World's Funnyman"—Neil Hamburger asked us to go on tour with him we had to leap at this wondrous travel opportunity! We even had to take time off work. We would be traveling through 11 states in the good ol' U.S. of A. bringing the gift of music, love, and laughter to the Midwest and the East Coast. Neil's record label, Drag City, was doing all the work to set up the shows, and all we had to do was provide the entertainment! Our act is very portable: all of the music is on a CD, hence the "Canned" in Canned Hamm. No heavy gear, no meddlesome roadies, no muss, no fuss! Just 100 percent Pro/Am showmanship! Canned Hamm and Neil Hamburger go very well together because we can all be easily packed into one shiny white rental car. A car with a faulty steering ratio, a car that can provide audiences everywhere with a scrapbook of near-glamorous floorshow memories to last a lifetime! A car that is good on gas mileage!

March 7th: Chicago

Neil wasn't playing Chicago. Neither were we until our good pals/dynamic entertainers (new album out soon) Bobby Conn and Monica Boubou put us up at their home and even cleaned up their basement so that we could play for 14 of their friends! We gave beer and cookies to the audience. It was much like the neighbourhood shows I used to play when I was seven years old. At every Canned Hamm show we choose a member of the audience to be our Karaoke Lady. For the uninitiated, what we do is bring the Lady onstage and worship her by dancing and singing a special Karaoke Lady song to her. Tonight's Karaoke Lady was Virginia. Bobby Conn has a song named after her on his *Llllovessssongs* EP that she even raps on! I fell in love with her, but she left shortly after the show and didn't come with us to the 24-hour Korean restaurant Jake Austen, of the world's greatest music mag, *Roctober*, came along, though, and he is going to play one of our songs on his Saturday afternoon cable access Dance Party TV show "Chic-A-Go Go." Kids are going to dance to one of our songs! I just hope it's not "Bells Of Sex," because that one is inappropriate for children.



Canned Hamm with Karaoke Lady Ry in Oberlin

March 8th: Milwaukee

Neil Hamburger showed up with the rental car to take us to the brewery town of Milwaukee. Tonight's Karaoke Lady is named Betty. She said something to the effect of, "If I had a few more beers in me...." Mostly guys and couples at the show. I didn't get to talk to any girls, anyways because a lot of drunk fellas were surrounding me and asking me about the quality of Canadian beer and other product-related questions. I think they worked for the brewery there. We stayed at the Baymont Inn. I was awoken at 7am by people wallpapering in the hall... Apparently they are working all hours to make the inn a better looking place for the customer! I fell in love with the girl doing the wallpapering, but she was so into her work that she didn't even know I existed.

March 9th: Iowa City

I fell in love with the Karaoke Lady, Margaret, but she left rather quickly after the show. People seem to be enjoying the act so far, and I think opening up for Neil works really well in a magical way. By magical I don't mean witchcraft, I mean special.

March 10th: Bloomington, Indiana

On the road today Neil told us about these people he knows who work in crime, and they have this infrared camera that they took to a hotel. Apparently all sorts of weird stuff shows up when it's aimed at the bed sheets! I am going to have trouble sleeping tonight. In the middle of nowhere we found a Goodwill where we bought some nice coloured purses (on sale!) to give our Karaoke Ladies on stage each night! Neil suggested that I put my phone number in every purse; I don't think I will, I'm shy. Bloomington is the home of John Cougar Mellencamp né John Cougar né John Mellencamp who apparently, according to one audience member, is an asshole who smokes four packs of cigarettes a day! Packed show. I fell in love with the Karaoke Lady Mary. She was a nice girl but I didn't get to talk to her much because she was really busy playing darts.

March 11th: Oberlin, Ohio

A college town and it was a college show packed full of young, fresh, good-looking faces! This one gal briefly looked at me before the show. I wanted her to be the Karaoke Lady and you know what? Her friend volunteered her and she was our Karaoke Lady! Her name was Ry and she invited us out to karaoke after the show. She gave me directions but they were faulty and we never found the place. Besides, Neil was driving and he wanted to go back to the hotel to be alone. That's how he unwinds after a show even if there's encores like there was

March 12th: Pittsburgh

Our day off. We drove around looking at houses. We stopped to look at a nice purple and green one. Neil said, "The girl who lives in this house is the kind of girl who'll ruin your life. She probably collects Pez dispensers." Neil is so bitter, but he seems to be speaking from experience, and I could only silently nod in agreement.

March 13th: Pittsburgh

Big Hamm had an odd dream that we were playing an elementary school assembly and I was making the kids wear oxygen masks, and he was controlling the tanks. The thing is, he didn't know how much oxygen to give them, then he woke up. The venue tonight was a dump.

Back at the hotel after the show we watched VH1's "Behind The Music" with The Doobie Brothers. Apparently some of the Brothers had an odd disease called "Drug Addiction." I hope it's not contagious. Thank God, Canned Hamm isn't a rock band because I'd hate to catch such a terrible disease!

March 14th: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

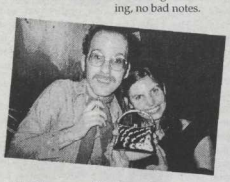
I got soooooooo drunk! Those premium free pours from the bartender were out of hand! The venue looks like a well kept Vegas showroom! Perfect for us! It went over so well that the owner wants us back for a whole week! I received a marriage proposal from a girl named Michelle. I should probably accept (if she emails me) because my looks are starting to fade. If the act gets huge maybe I can afford cosmetic surgery and enhancements, but marriage is the next best thing to that. And maybe I can get US Citizenship so I can leave my home and all the horrible, painful ghosts that continue to haunt me.

March 15th: Washington, DC

We stopped by the White House and it was creepy. I think they were recording everything that we were saying. Maybe even everything that we were thinking! I was so spooked by this town that I begged Neil to drive us an extra hour out of Washington to a hotel after the show. He had no problem staying out of town because the hotels are cheaper and that means less money is spent from our merchandise sales!

March 16th: New York City

We had already made it in Oberlin, so we figured New York would be a breeze! It was! We played three shows at the Knitting Factory: at 8, 10, and 12 at night. This made us get very smelly. There were three Karaoke Ladies tonight! I didn't fall in love with them too much because I'm still thinking about that marriage proposal back in Philly. It might be good therapy for me to settle down. Sound guys love us on this tour because all we really need for set up are microphones and the band is on the CD where it belongs. No bad tuning, no bad notes.



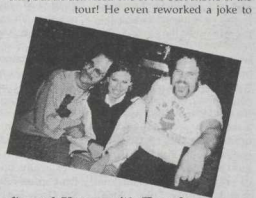
Lil' Hamm with Karaoke Lady Meg in NYC

March 17th: New York City, day off

I kept telling everyone I met at all the shops and cafes that I was a tourist. I think somebody ripped me off for 40 bucks. All that US money looks the same! There's no colours to tell the bills apart! How can you tell them apart?

March 18th: Hoboken, New Jersey

Only 10 people showed up for our last tour date. The sound guy said that it was because *The Sopranos* was on TV. Apparently, Hoboken really loves that show. Our Karaoke Lady, Valerie, was visiting from Texas. I'd like to go to Texas someday. Neil was very sick, but he delivered one of his best shows of the tour! He even reworked a joke to make it about us instead of Jesus Christ. The joke was, "Why did Canned Hamm turn water into wine? Because they're alcoholics!" We're really going to miss that guy!



Canned Hamm with Karaoke Lady Erica in Hoboken

March 20th: Vancouver, Canada

Today on my first day back at work everyone mocked my mayo application on the sandwiches. I got so upset that I yelled, "I'll show you all! One day I'm going to be a famous entertainer!" I just hope that they don't knock the 20 minutes that I spent after that in the staff washroom off of my paycheck. •

under review

recorded media

A LUNA RED
The Death Birds
(Global Symphonic)

When I was eight years old a red-haired brat told me, over a table filled with arithmetic equations, about a bomb that could blow up "the entire world." I didn't get a good night's sleep for five years. By the time my terror ended, it was 1991, and people were saying that there was "no chance" that Cold War shivers would ever again have the opportunity to creep up my spine. Well, thanks to Mr. Bush, we're back on the nuclear death march again. And frankly, I've had so many fainting spells and suicide dreams in my short lifetime that I am almost—finally—numb to the proposition.

I interpret *The Death Birds* as a half-disbelieving reaction to this new imperialist nostalgia. Almost all the songs on this seven-song album deal, in some way, with the spectre of flesh burns and radiation sickness. Appropriately enough for a band concerned with a ghost of the Cold War, **A Luna Red** does a strikingly accurate imitation of numerous '80s electro-panic bands, **Skinny Puppy** being the most blatant. On the title track, co-vocalist Erica Neumann sounds eerily like **Xmal Deustschland**'s Anja Huwe. A Luna Red's mimickry might be offensive—or just laughable—if they weren't so good at capturing fear and indignation in bass creep and synthesizer squeal.

And they seem, after all, to genuinely take an interest in the poetics of destruction. "Marching drums ring/ air raid sirens sing," Erica chants on "Malaria." "We refuse to believe it's even happening today."

Hilarity Manqué

APPENDIX OUT
The Night Is Advancing
(Drag City)

I love to sleep. This album has helped me sleep a whole bunch of times, and I'm thankful. It hasn't bored me to the point of slumber but soothed and carried me there. Like how a pixie might hold my hand and guide me to float out the window, sending me off to a world of flying beds and tooth fairies, a place where dreams are pleasant and always feel like they're real. Ali Roberts' toilet-paper soft voice, the chant-sounding backup vocals, the dreamy repetition of the guitars and percussion section's quiet restraint all work together to produce the perfect soundtrack to the company of the softest mattress and warmest bedcovers. This album is a masterpiece of tranquillity, and I'm going to keep using it to further develop my love of sleep.

Jason T

ARAB STRAP
The Red Thread
(Matador)

Since seeing **Arab Strap** play at CMJ in the fall, I have been on pins and needles anticipating this new album. *Philophobia* ruled, but we won't go into that. *Elephant Shoe* went largely unnoticed around here, largely due to its delayed release and hard-to-find status. Back in the big leagues with Matador, the Strap is ready to spill more guts all over the place, and I'm more than happy to trail after with the mop bucket. Discussing the Strap's work with a friend, we questioned whether we'd take notice of all this ranting and raving if it were in plain old English. Something about Aiden Moffatt's scruffy Scottish accent makes his dirty stories just that bit more listenable. Said friend also questioned the band's musical abilities, but I disagree with that criticism. While the sounds may be sparse at times, when they get going, they really bust it out. And those sparse bits? Pure gold. *The Red Thread* is a beautiful record. My one concern is the authenticity of the stories. Is Aiden struggling for material yet? The last two albums have been legit, calling up ghosts and goblins of relationships past—can things still be going so rough for a star? This album sounds legit, but we'll have to see how long Aiden can play the sad misguided sir to his sexual demons. I'm in for the long haul.

Julie C.

BIRDIE
Some Dusty
(Kindercore)

Birds are always humming beautiful songs in your sky. But this **Birdie** presents heart-warming and heart-cleaning sounds for you from your CD player. Former **Dolly Mixture** leading lady Deborah Wykes and ex-**East Village** Paul Kelly are well-known artists who used to play as members of **St. Etienne**'s support band. So their sound is very similar to St. Etienne.

Deborah's singing voice is full of tenderness and Paul's sounds are filled with softness. When their warmth are in harmony, glittering sound magic will catch and hold your heart. Their sounds are totally mellow. Not only guitar but also piano, wind and harmonica are played effectively and those relaxing sounds unconsciously touch us (with strings arranged by Sean O'Hagan of **the High Llamas**).

Their first full-length album *Some Dusty* was released at the end of the summer of 2000. But it still brings me fresh impression, so I cannot give up playing this disc. On the contrary, it is sweet for coming springtime. So their sounds are immortality. We have to wash the clothes, clean up messy rooms, and change nail colour. There are many stupid daily tasks, but if you are with Birdie, everything will be fun. Spend your relax time with Birdie songs and get an eyeful of brilliant world from the sky.

Miki Hirano

DEAR NORA
We'll Have a Time
(Magic Marker)

I can feel it, but it's so gentle it's really more like sitting in one of those jet-powered hot tubs than an earthquake.

Somewhere not too far away (New Westminister), a telephone pole is falling over. Somewhere a bit farther away (Olympia), windows are shattering. Somewhere even farther than that (Portland), some kid in his college dorm room is being awakened by the agreeable rocking of his bed and decides not to skip his first class. It's true, the ground is moving and somewhere under ground, not too deep below the surface, there's a revolution… girl style. No no, sit down Kathleen. You too, Alison and Corin. Yes, I see you back there, don't even think about it. Today's Northwest is all about girls these days. Sure, **Chicks on Speed**, **Sleater-Kinney**, **Le Tigre**, and the re-formed **Bratmobile** are all still alive and kicking, but that's not where the revolution's at, not since 1992.

These days, the girl-pop of **Mirah**, **The Crabs**, **Get the Hell out of the Way of the Volcano**, and **Dear Nora** is what's quietly leading the riot. That said, I love this album. Most people compare Dear Nora to **The Aislers Set**, and I'd say that's a pretty fair comparison except that, on this, their first full-length, Dear Nora have far and away eclipsed those adorable pop heroes they used to open for. I can tell you that Dear Nora plays cuddly indie-pop to perfection on this album, and I hope I'm being perfectly clear when I tell you that you should buy it, but words can't really convey how good this album is. I can only tell you what kind of really good album this is. It's one of those albums that's wonderfully lo-fi in all the right places (it was recorded in Aislers frontwoman Amy Linton's basement) while being as clear as an album that relies on catchy hooks and clever changes needs to be. All the songs are short, endearingly sung just off-key, and memorable. Just think, that could be you being gently rocked by Dear Nora.

godfrey j. Leung, esq.

HAVERGAL
Lungs for the Race
(Secretly Canadian)

One of the ugliest words in the English language—to me, anyway—is not really a proper word at all. It's an abbreviation that music writers use liberally when trying to pin down a certain quality found in a great deal of underground music. This word (five letters, two syllables, starts with an 'i') has a lot of baggage. It's an adjective but is more often than not used as a noun, or even a verb. It makes me think of skin problems, badly chosen clothing, and reverent but apathetic patience—the kind of patience that incites a person to sit cross-legged on a cold, dirty floor for three hours waiting for the band to play.

Havergal courts this word and the identity it seems to demand in a way that is almost frightening. Their aesthetic winks at it. Their vocals embody it. Their trancey, over-effected guitar jams—anthemically quiet, as if that weren't a total oxymoron—are insufferably true to form. That said, I quite like this CD. Just don't make me say that word.

Hilarity Manqué

LAST DAYS OF APRIL
Angel Youth
(Bad Taste)

This is a fine release from Sweden that evokes the more playful moments of **Sigur Ros**, and it also manages to achieve a dramatic intensity that isn't overbearing. The boldness of this smart pop matches the wide-eyed brashness of the band name. For some, this very brashness may repel some, but I don't think they'll really care.

The instrumentation is fantastic with things like old cranky Hammond organs hooked up to Leslie speakers matched up with crisp and bright guitar lines. And that's not all— there are also strings, Rhodes pianos, and even glockenspiels. Sometimes, when you have so many sounds going on, you're tempted to just make the whole album a sonic novelty, but they keep things honest and smart. Their arrangements are done with respect to the songwriting craft and to the discipline involved in making a good melody. Any band that can rock with keyboards without seeming like they came from two decades ago gets my approval.

Samuel Kim

MOUSE ON MARS
Idiology
(Thrill Jockey)

Did I almost pee my pants when I heard there was a copy of the new album floating around at work? You bet! I also squealed with joy and nearly lost my head to the delighted reverie of chaotic sound squiggles and dreamy men on control knobs. Heading, once again, in a new direction, **Mouse on Mars** are the ones to watch in this digital day.

"Actionist Respoke" took some getting used to. I'm not a big fan of vocals on MoM's tracks, but I came to appreciate where it all leads. Good thing, as there are other tracks with lyrics; some, like "Presence," seem to aim their focus more on the lyricism than the sonic sounds. A new direction, indeed.

Most of this album treads familiar sweet-glitch territory, spewing warped transitions which remain undanceable and aurally tickly. Mouse on Mars seems to have decided to get as goofy as they wanna be, and the result is a very fun, highly listenable album. We can forgive them their silly vocal outings, no? If not, then you'd better skip track eight, when they decide to go techno-reggae-tastic. Hee hee. Köln uber Alles!

Julie C.

NINA NASTASIA
Dogs
(Socialist)

I have had this record for two days. I have listened to it six times. It is like a seed in my stomach. It is growing in me.

Nina Nastasia is *none* of the following kinds of singers: "I can't really sing, so let's put a bunch of shitty effects on my vocals;" "I can't really sing, but it doesn't matter 'cause boy, am I good looking;" "I can't really sing, but man, am I sad, oh so sad, listen to me cry and sing about myself because I'm the

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only one who matters;" "I can't really sing, so let's get the producer to play a bunch of cool drum machines and spooky keyboards;" "I can kind of sing, but my songs blow, so let's mix it so all you can hear is my intune-but-boring-as-hell voice;" "I can't really sing, but Jesus, am I angry, listen to me scream and yelp like fucking cats."

Nastasia's songs are beautiful. Her voice is effortless, but it is not isolated. If I turn it up loud enough, there is an orchestra in my ear (**Albini**'s doing).

The CD insert is not a lyrics sheet. It's a story book. She sings of Jimmy Rose, the heroin addicted tattoo artist, of sandboxes and storms. The package is made of wine stained textured paper, hand letter pressed with silver ink, and there is a photo print of Nastasia in a polka dot dress. *Dogs* sounds as lovely as it looks.

Christa Min

NOVASONIC DOWN HYPERSPACE
Mathing Moonlight
(Spectra Mobile)

Somewhere between the planets of **Air**, **The Gentle People**, and **Mazzy Starr**, there is a tiny little planet called **Novasonic Down Hyperspace**. On planet NDH there are plenty of vocoder-enhanced vocals, cheesy '70s piano-synths, guitar strums, and male crooners. These elements don't necessarily compose a bad sound; they have been known to produce groovy, funky music. But apparently the people of NDH have an affinity for gratuitously sappy and inanely repetitive musical stylings.

This CD, entitled *Mathing Moonlight*, did make my bus ride to UBC on a sunny spring morning slightly more enjoyable; however, it failed to really elicit the emotional response I get when I know I've got a live one. Plus, I couldn't tell if it was the music or the weather that was perking up my spirits. Too many slow guitar progressions, repeating bars, and blah blah blah lyrics made me anxiously want to flip through to the next track. This CD tediously searches for the point, but never gets to it. While there are moments, mere seconds, of musical bliss, they are too few and far between to even make one complete track, much less an album.

B

OH SUSANNA
Sleepy Little Sailor
(Stella)

During the recent onslaught of **Oh Susanna** media coverage, I've done my best to keep my head down and ignore what everyone else was saying. Like a lot of campus radio and indie types, I have a contrary nature. If I hear that the songs on *Sleepy Little Sailor* are more personal than on the other two CDs, all I want is to say is that they're not. If someone else says this one's better produced, I want to say it's *over*-produced. If someone says this one is the best of the three, I have to try not to like it, even though I have been an Oh Susanna fan since the days even before she had a CD.

But I did hear snippets of the other reviews, in spite of my efforts, and now I have to admit that I agree with most of what I've heard. This *is* a very good CD. It *is* well-produced. And there *are* fewer murder and outlaw songs on *Sleepy Little Sailor*. In fact the ratio of songs of death and violence to every other kind of song, which was probably six to one on the first CD, has flipped over to something like one to 11 on this one.

That's not to say that *Sleepy Little Sailor* isn't wrenching. In fact, horrible as the title track from *Johnstown* (the second CD) is, it never did tear me up as much as "River Blue," from this CD does, although its lyrics carefully pull back from any explicit unpleasantness. It's chilling to hear Suzie singing from the point of view of a whore-killer ("Johnstown"), but when she sings less directly about the horrors of an unspeakable childhood, and the feelings that came afterward, it just feels truer, and the more powerful for it.

Perhaps most surprising of all are the love-gone-bad songs. Were all the old songs about bullets and armed enemies metaphors for what we have here? Little stories of heartbreak so real that the singer resorts to biblical language, lifts images from fairy tales and age-old folk songs, and describes physical injuries?

Suzie also seems to be singing with more confidence this time around, and that's saying a lot. She's closer to the mic, she's singing more intimately, and her voice comes through sweeter and more pure than ever. (There are even hints of the recent, bluegrass-reviving, **Dolly Parton** here, and I mean this is in the best possible way.) On "Sleepy Little Sailor" and "River Blue," the songs with the most lovely melodies, this makes for a near-perfect melding of performance and songcrafting. On "Kings Road," *SLS*'s very catchy (and autobiographical) pop entry, the cleverly twisted lyrics put a fresh spin on an old story, while her voice removes all doubt as to its authenticity.

No one else should try to sing an Oh Susanna song, but the opposite certainly isn't true. Suzie Ungerleider is such a fine interpreter and singer of songs that, given the right promotion, every radio station in the world would play her covers—just listen to her rendition of Otis Redding's "Dreams to Remember." That she also writes her own songs, and that so many of them are so damned fine, well, that's just the world's very good luck.

Janis McKenzie

PEPE DELUXE
Super Sound
(Emperor Norton)

Super Sound is the debut of this Finnish trio made up of **DJ Slow**, **Ja-Jazz**, and **James Spectrum**. Their varied backgrounds combine to create **Pepe Deluxe**. *Super Sound* is their first full-length effort, a collaboration encouraged by a successful appearance on the *Return of the DJ* compilation released by Bomb Records. Heaping doses of samples with pace and stylistic changes gives the recording a fairly frenetic quality reminiscent of the work of UK group **Bentley Rhythm Ace**.

Super Sound drifts effortlessly from music style to different music style, the many samples blended expertly to obscure the line between original and new material. "Three Times a Player" uses a beat heavy hip hop treatment and is a deceptively muscular intro to their CD. Thick, chunky blues samples give "Everybody Pass Me By" its Deep South allure—a bit reminiscent of **Moby**'s latest release. "La Femme" and "Where is Mr. Fabulous" venture into the realm of suave '60s Francophone pop in quite a charming way. The silliest track for its sheer hyperactivity must be "Super Sound," which piles layer upon layer of samples to produce a wonderful musical bouillabaisse. Two particular favorites are "Woman in Blue" and its re-mix "Woman in Black," both which use a haunting sample of an old blues recording. The vocal sample is expertly woven into the melody and heightens the sorrow and heartache in her voice. *Super Sound* is good, clean, sampling fun.

PCS

PROPAGANDHI
Today's Empire, Tomorrow's Ashes
(G7 Welcoming Committee)

In a Recent *Exclaim* interview, **Propagandhi** member Chris Hannah said, "We're putting out this record, it's going to kill and there's a good chance nobody is going to recognize it because we live in such a fucked up, shitty culture."

Death by boredom? Death by Bad Music? I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT! This album is fucking horrible. I think the world would be a better place if Propagandhi stopped making music this second. This album is devoid of anything remotely good Propagandhi ever had. As far as the politics go, I can think of many better ways to get informed than dumbed down lyrics from some hockey players in Winnipeg regurgitating **Noam Chomsky** and **Mumia Abu-Jamal**. I know they have good intentions, but this album is just inexcusably bad. The best thing about this album is that it isn't marked as a promo, hence I'll get more money when I trade it in. If you are looking for good political hardcore, please do yourself a favour and look at the Ebullition Records catalog.

Jay Douillard

PROPAGANDHI
Today's Empire, Tomorrow's Ashes
(G7 Welcoming Committee)

After a hiatus of almost five years, **Propagandhi** are back with a much anticipated release. And let me tell you that *Today's Empire, Tomorrow's Ashes* is well worth the wait. Let's face it, Propagandhi have developed quite the following during their career, and this CD is going to succeed regardless of quality. But it's actually, without much exaggeration, really really good!

This work presents a more evolved, punk rock Propagandhi. Their music is definitely more hardcore than their previous releases, yet there's evidence of experimentation here and there. The music is definitely interesting, something which unfortunately rarely happens with hardcore punk rock nowadays. Their lyrical genius is very much the same as it's always been: politically minded, sharp, explicit, and intelligent.

Reading the liner notes is just as interesting as listening to the music. Most importantly: their songs actually mean something, they are more than political buzzwords howled into a microphone.

Rana E.

SUPA DJ DIMITRY
Scream of Consciousness
(TVT)
GAYLE SAN
At the Wheels of Steel
(Galvanic)

With the recent craze of mix CDs covering the market, it's important to make something that stands out from the rest. **DJ Dimitry** (of **Deee-lite** fame) and **Gayle San** give us releases to join the masses.

Dimitry's release rarely stays with one genre and usually stays only several minutes on one track. He keeps things interesting by switching up the tracks often, but in doing so, makes it hard for the listener to pick up what he's trying to do with his set. There's something for everyone: some dark house, break beat, electro-like rhythms, and other stuff all thrown in for fun. It's almost as if he's just rushing through his record piles saying, "Hey, this is great... and yeah, this one too!" There are some pretty interesting surprises throughout: **Ursula Rucker**, **Insider and Julee Cruise** (?!), **Luke Slater**, and yes, a remix of Deee-lite's "What is Love?" Might not be serious enough for "purists," but it's fun, and it keeps you occupied which is what a lot of mixes don't do.

Gayle San doesn't cross genres often, and stays with what she knows best. Throughout the disc, she showcases the dark techno style that she enjoys, and in fact, she puts two of her own tracks on to the disc. There are nice cuts by **Random Logic**, **Headroom**, **Jeff Mills**, and **Jay Denham**. San isn't into brief slices but rather takes time to let the tracks lock on to a groove, and she'll just keep it there. That's not for everyone, I know, and it definitely doesn't make for good listening; but I could imagine this being a good set at a club, and I would walk away from the night fairly pleased. In the end, though, I'm not partial to DJs who play it safe and stick to one genre for the whole night. So while San's choice of artists seems impressive, you might find me ducking away to look for that DJ Dimitry mix CD I threw away.

Samuel Kim

XBXRX
Gop Ist Minee
(5RC)

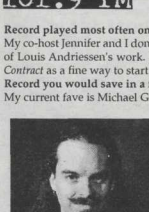
It's synth-spazz without the posey hairdos! **XBXRX** makes me think of **Behead the Prophet No Lord Shall Live** getting down with **The Boredoms** in a heavily guarded psychology laboratory. *Gop Ist Minee*, while an excellent record on its own terms, is also great for passive-agressive roommate annoyance.

Hilarity Manqué

CiTR 101.9 fM

DJ PROFILE: colin macdonald
are you serious? music sundays, 9am -12pm

Record played most often on your show:
My co-host Jennifer and I don't repeat material very much, but we both have played a fair amount of Louis Andriessen's work. I'm also partial to tracks from Michael Nyman's *The Draughtman's Contract* as a fine way to start the day.
Record you would save in a fire:
My current fave is Michael Gordon's *Trance*. After four years of listening to it, I'm finally figuring out how the music works.



Record that should burn in hell:
All records should burn in hell! Recordings aren't music! Go to a live concert! (I hope I don't lose my cushy radio gig over this...)
Worst band (composer or whatever) you like:
Now, now, I don't want to be negative here. It's all a matter of personal taste, so if I like someone, so what? Some people think that Philip Glass is starting to lose it and go too populist, but I still like him, yes?
Last record you bought:
ROSA: Death of a Composer, by Louis Andriessen, libretto by Peter Greenaway. A great opera for people who love sexual depravity and murder.
First record you bought:
The memory's a little unclear, so it's a toss-up between Simon and Garfunkel's *Greatest Hits*, and the Police's *Synchronicity*. I remember that the Andy Summers tune "Mother" scared the shit out of me, and I always had to fast forward through it.
Musician you would most like to marry:
There's a wonderful trend of Classical musicians letting their sexuality show, and Canadian cellist Shauna Rolston is at the top of the list for me. Well, also the sexy redhead who plays bass with Hole. Rrrowr!
Favourite show on CiTR:
I'm a bit of a comic fan, so I really dig Robin's show *Onomatopoeia*. I also like listening to classical Indian music on Sunday nights on *Geetanjali*.
Strangest phone call received while on-air:
Nobody ever calls. Is anyone listening? Hello? Anyone? •

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PUNK STRIKES BACK:
GOB
COMPLETE
MR.PLOW
OCEAN3
GLASSHEAD
Friday, February 23
Langley Civic Center

Langley. Well, I should have known better. Rock concerts in Langley start right, and I mean right, after dinner. Okay, so I was a little late. I didn't get to see **Glasshead** or **Ocean3** and apparently they both had a great show, but I did get to stand in the gigantic confusing line, and I did get to sample a delicious vegetable platter from the curling rink diner.

That said, the show I did catch was good. Not great, not bad, just good. I arrived in the sea of prepubescent youngsters squished shoulder-to-shoulder to witness the first of two **Mr. Plow** sets. I thought his set was fun. It was typical Plow as he belted out classic acoustic punk anthems. I guess the audience wasn't expecting such a vulgar act and responded with a bizarre mix of confusion and disbelief. When they finally came around to the fact that Mr. Plow was singing about the joys of incest, they started throwing things. Plow did not budge and continued until **Complete** was ready to go.

Before Complete took the stage I hit the merch tables where I found some great values. I walked out of that place with four disc and countless stickers for under $20!

I was new to Complete. I'd heard their stuff on CiTR, and for some reason I thought they were heavy (I know, the CD isn't heavy). Complete played an energetic, melodic punk set. The highlight was when their sponsor, Speedy's Skate Shop, threw skateboards into the crowd and Jon went on the mic to try to bring order to the chaos. Hilarious. Complete was tuning up for a cross-Canada tour, and everything was tight. I did enjoy this Spawner Records band: they were catchy and the audience responded well to their radio-friendly brand of punk. I will definitely try to catch these guys again when they return from their tour.

At this point I was really hot, and they were all sold out of water. What a drag.

Mr. Plow did another set while the crew did a stage change. I loved his **Mr. T Experience** cover of "Hitler's Girlfriend." Still, the bottles flew.

What can I say about **Gob**? They were mighty swell and kids loved it. They played all their hits in preparation for their west-coast tour. The **Dr. Dre** cover of "They Forgot About Dre" was classic, and of course they played their monster cover of **The Rolling Stones** classic "Paint it Black." I got to make the metal sign (which was fun) just before they tore into "Self-appointed Leader" which is my favourite Gob tune. They have great presence (whatever that means), and the kids really look up to these guys. It was great to see them at home, even if that home is a drippy wooden hall in the middle of Langley.

When asked about her new hairstyle on the set of Spiderman, Kirsten Dunst responded: "I like it, its kind of punk."

I enjoyed the show, Mr. Plow was great, and Complete was fun. Gob delivered another energetic if somewhat carbon-copied performance, and I am sorry for not catching Ocean3 and Glasshead.

Jeremy Baker

WESLEY WILLIS
ANI KYD
THE COUNTRY TEASERS
Thursday, March 1
Starfish Room

The night began with a forgettable performance by **Ani Kyd**, who was playing with only an electric guitar. Her mildly abrasive set was only mildly obnoxious, and thankfully short. She was followed by **The Country Teasers**, who, despite the indifferent response by the Willis-dedicated crowd, put on a show nothing short of superb. A fascinatingly charismatic lead singer and some twistedly hilarious lyrics brilliantly warped their gritty, inebriated take on old-school country-tinged rock.

Next came the 6'5", 350lb. chronic schizophrenic cult leader that is **Wesley Willis**. The fact that someone whose songs all share one tune, played on a keyboard behind sound effects and off-key singing, could sell out the Starfish Room is some indication of the popularity that Willis enjoys. And why not? Regardless of whether fans are laughing at him or have some appreciation for the artistic value of his music, Willis is as alternative as it gets. During his 90 minute set the songs he sang were utterly raw expressions of emotion through which he very simply told the world what he thinks. Wesley Willis is outsider art that one either understands or disregards. Laughing or not, his fans are onto something unique and inimitable. Rock over London, rock on Chicago.

Pharbero

NORTH MISSISSIPPI ALL STARS
JOHN FORD
Tuesday, March 6
Richard's On Richards

I first saw the **All Stars** on a hot summer night at the Pic last year. Despite the challenges of that room and crowd, they turned out a killer set. Fast forward less than a year: they now have a substantial amount of critical acclaim around their *Shaking Hands With Shorty* CD, a Grammy nomination, famous friends, and a growing fan base. That and a big, ol' tour bus parked outside Dick's.

John Ford opened to a half-full house. Four songwriters in a four-piece band—now there's a recipe for disaster. Thankfully, they haven't exploded to smithereens yet, but without a doubt Rich Hope owns this band. As soon as he steps up to the mic to perform his own compositions like "Ocean," the quality of the band and the attention of the audience takes off into the stratosphere. This band seems to be going through a **Wilco** or **Old 97's** "we can't decide whether we dig pop or country better" phase. Some advice: don't try out new material at a gig like this until you've really, really rehearsed those tricky 2 and 3-part harmonies. Yowch! But their twangy material still rules, and there are few other local bands who can rawk as hard as JF. It was a very nice touch to cover "Sway" from **The Rolling Stones**' notorious *Sticky Fingers* album (the Dickinson brothers' dad played on that album). Was a pity that Rich's acerbic comments about local audience support for John Ford whistled over the heads of the predominantly dot-bomber/grow-opper crowd.

North Mississippi All-Stars: two geeky white brothers on guitar and drums, and one mean-lookin' black dude on bass. Three guys, one BIG sound. Blues stripped back to the bare floor. Not that poofy **Jim Byrnes**-style blues, not that worshiping-at-throne-of-**Stevie Ray** shit, but Real... Delta... Blues, which meant a lot of pure gospel was thrown in, something completely lost on the heathen tokin'/smokin'/drinkin' crowd. That, or they were too stoned to care.

It was clear from the first song that these guys possess not just amazing, intuitive and organic technical skills on their instruments, but they play with an intensity and passion more often seen in bands twice their age. Hot, sweaty, drivin' tunes that made time stand still. Or fly by. Or something. I staggered out of there not quite knowing what hit me. These guys are gonna be big, and deservedly so.

Val Cormier

GREEN EGGS AND CAM
Sunday, March 11
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

It may seem unlikely that a young musician in his thirties should have a 10-year career retrospective, but if you are at all familiar with the work of **Cam Wilson**, it's suddenly not that surprising. Cam has been active as a performer and composer in Vancouver since the late '80s, as a member of the VSO and the piano trio **Joe Trio**, and with the assistance of The Little Chamber Music Series That Could, brought together a program of new pieces and old favourites.

With a quick glance at some of the titles, it was clear that this wasn't going to be your average evening of chamber music. Sure, we had the standard line-up of orchestral strings and winds, but what were we to expect from names like "House of the Rising Sun Variaions," "Addams Family Opus 111," and "While My Spanish Guitar Gently Weeps on the Set of a Spaghetti Western"? Wilson is a humourist as well as a pluralist, a post-modern composer who freely admits to collecting melodies heard on TV, on the radio, and from pop music, using the recognizable tunes as source material for stylistic explorations into the combined history of Western concert music.

"House of the Rising Sun Variaions," for piano trio, was a set of 10 variations on the well-known traditional melody. The first variation, subtitled "Fauré," started innocently enough in the style of its namesake, a bit of French Romanticism, but this was just to draw us in. Subsequent variations moved through Jack Daniels, Piano Strum, Charleston, **Clint Eastwood**, and Old Sea Captain to name a few, crossing the musical gamut of honky-tonk, boogie-woogie, spaghetti western, neo-classicism, and sea shanty.

The "Addams Family Opus 111?" showed a further dimension of Wilson's skill as an arranger and composer. Wilson took the opening motive of Beethoven's last piano sonata, the theme of The Addams Family TV show, through them together in the blender, added a quote from Grieg's "Peer Gynt," and crossed the line from whimsical to truly surreal. A single movement set of variations, the music briskly changed style and reference with precision and agility, making me think of the mercurial writing that Carl Stalling did for Warner Brothers in the '40s and '50s.

The ensemble expanded to chamber orchestra dimensions for the "Carnival of the Animals that Saint-Saëns Never Got Around to Writing." With poems by Kelly Cook and narration by Rosalind Beale-Dala and Evelyn Thatcher, this piece picked up where Camille Saint-Saëns left off, and created a musical homage to some other members of the animal kingdom, namely the Skunk, the Amoeba, the Canada Goose, the Ugly Duckling, the Lawyer, and the all-too-recognizable Energizer Bunny. Part musical in-joke, part social satire, neither the text nor the music threatened to take itself seriously, and despite the obvious craft in Wilson's orchestrations, the piece would have benefited from some trimming—some jokes wear a bit thin on multiple tellings.

The second half opened with another set of variations (Wilson's favourite form), this time on the tune of the **Turtles** song "Happy Together." More fast metric and stylistic transitions through sambas, Celtic jigs, Ellington swing, Brahmsian counterpoint, and Mahlerian passion, the real hero of this piece was conductor Wallace Leung, who did a remarkable job of holding the musicians together through all of the madness. This was followed by "While My Spanish Guitar Gently Weeps on the Set of a Spaghetti Western," an arrangement of **George Harrison**'s tune from the

The Old Ripper

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Beatles' *White Album*, in the style of **Ennio Morricone**. A beautifully nostalgic English horn solo played by Tony Nickels brought to mind the image of Harrison facing off in a gun duel with The Man With No Name, and was pure magic.

The centrepiece of the concert was the premiere of a songcycle called "Playground Rhymes for Grownups," setting the poetry of Bill Richardson. This piece was commissioned to replace a work that was originally set to the poetry of Dr. Seuss (hence the title of the concert), for which Wilson couldn't negotiate the rights, so another childlike theme was chosen. The text is a charming depiction of adult life in Lotus Land, peppered with shopping, leaky condos, stock markets, body modification, and prescription drugs. Wilson's eclectic setting of each poem proved a particular challenge for soprano Rosalind Beale-Dala, who had to negotiate a gamut of singing styles and characters that ranged from childish sing-song, to sultry jazz singer, to contemporary operatic, often within the same song. Beale-Dala was very strong in the role, and brought a charming exuberance to this world of adult toys seen through a younger mind's eye.

Wilson's talent lies in giving us music that is popular and recognizable, but treating it with the craft and care of a traditional composer of classical music. Much as Bartok did with his own Hungarian folk-melodies, Cam Wilson uses the music of our time as a springboard for his own lighthearted musical expressions. He does much to break down the barrier between "high" and "low" art, taking the elitist sheen off of the Classical music experience, and he showed his true colours during the encore performance of **Queen**'s "Bohemian Rhapsody," as he rocked out on Brian May's guitar solo, played on electric violin. I can't wait for his 20-year retrospective.

Colin MacDonald

SNO JAM 7:
AFI
SICK OF IT ALL
DEATH BY STEREO
ZERO DOWN
THE PLANET SMASHERS
NICOTINE
Thursday, March 15
Croatian Cultural Centre

Another fine Sno-Jam lineup at the swankiest all-ages airplane hangar in town. Of course, no show at the ol' Triple-C Ranch would be complete without me missing the first band. **Nicotine**, a pop-punk band from Japan, inspired only shrugs from anyone I asked them about. I'm sure they were good.

Fat Wreck's newest entry is **Zero Down**. Their Kevin Nash look-alike vocalist used to play bass in **Strung Out**, which might explain Zero Down's striking similarity to that band's first couple of albums. Apparently only their third show ever, they fared well—Great Fat Wreck-issue music. Terrible lyrics though, I must say.

Death By Stereo is one of those great bands that defies description. Running the gamut of hardcore, metal, and plain old punk rock, these guys just exude energy and aggression with every note. A fantastic live performance—I might compare them to **Dilinger Four** or **Kid Dynamite**, partly because I can't tell any of their songs apart either.

One could think that Sno-Jam has a Can-con requirement, as Montreal's mediocre ska-punksters **The Planet Smashers** get on the bill year after year without fail. Maybe there's a ska-con requirement. They did play "Pierce Me," however, the one song of theirs I like.

Sick of it All is not my favourite band. I own all of one EP from a decade ago, and lo and behold, they went and played "Injustice System." Now a Fat band too, the venerable Noo Yawk fawsome played enough fast old stuff mixed in with their plodding new stuff to more than hold my interest. A rather long set, too, which makes that guy's voice even more impressive.

Lastly came **AFI**. Though they didn't play long, they are a great band to see. Davey Havok is convinced he is **Danzig** reborn, and what the fuck, he pretty much is—seeing AFI is as close as you can get these days to seeing **The Misfits**. A few new songs from the so-so new album, a few old sing-along favourites, a couple each from *Black Sails* and *Shut Your Mouth*, and that was about it. Not quite a half-hour set and Sno-Jam was over with once again. Another rousing success. Here's to more great punk bands coming to town courtesy of next year's tour. I said PUNK bands, Stomp Records!

Trevor Fielding

MESSAGES FROM AWAY:
NEW STEREO AND OCTOPHONIC ELECTROACOUSTIC MUSIC
Friday, March 16
SFU Theatre

Visiting a foreign country for the first time places strange demands on you, kind of prods you to think about where you came from, mostly because they speak a different language there. Rock is my native tongue, a scion of the greater Heavy language group marked by its tell-tale percussive bursts and lack of real-world referents. While I can say things like, "I'll have 300 grams of *prosciutto*, please" in a few other musical languages, I speak with a thick Prog-punk accent, and really still translate the world into ingrained schemas of Rock anyway. Electroacoustic is a very different musical language, with equally different performance practices, in part because its medium, reference and thematic flow is explicitly that of worldly sound. Sure, **Meat Loaf**'s *Bat out of Hell* had a guitar track that sounded like the giant hog that shot him out of Hades, but who knew? What I brought to this event and what it brought to me are thus quite indistinguishable, so I gotta call 'em like I see 'em.

I guess I also speak Train, one of the surviving subdivisions of the Floating Eerily family. If sheer statistical data have any bearing on the real world, I'm judging that many electroacoustic composers are fluent in Train: seven of the event's ten pieces were recorded almost exclusively in Train. If you've ever had the pleasure of listening closely to a distant train approach, you know of its bright, ghostly squeals, an oscillating icing sugar sheen riding upon the low, pulsing rumble that crescendos as it passes. Train is a beautiful language, but it becomes less and less pleasing to the ear with repetition. During these particular works, I envisioned someone doing Tai-chi while holding a circular saw in one hand and an electric sitar in the other—that's the pace, that's how they move—but I couldn't help wishing for the thunder of Kung-fu with a giant cedar and an empty grain silo.

To be fair, there were a few Train sounds I really enjoyed, like that arrangement when bells, which were simultaneously flower buds, suddenly burst open smoke rings of sound or when a well-placed edit increased the intensity in the train's shift from coming to going, but these affirmative moments were unfortunately rare and fleeting.

However, two pieces remain as points of reflection: the obvious standouts of the night were works by student composer **Stefan Udell** and veteran electroacoustic composer **Barry Truax**, pieces written in languages quite unlike Train. Recorded entirely in Skate (a dialect of the Punk region I have competence in), Udell's "Nollie noseblunt to backside tailslide" cuts up, stacks up, slows down, enlarges and elongates the myriad sounds of skateboarders ripping shit up here in Vancouver. The sounds of ollies, grinds, creaking Stacy Perelta slides and the sudden, resounding booms of late-night parking garage sessions filter into a documentation of a totally hairy speed run: the push that begins as a good idea turns into an escalating noise-fear continuum, the rattling of loose bolts, wheels wobbling at an ever-greater frequency, the whole world shaking and suddenly you're streaming tears that vaporize as the wind sucks them off the side of your face. But it rules. I smiled and thought about skating.

WESLEY WILLIS WUPPS BATMAN'S ASS AT THE STARFISH ROOM. PHOTO BY DARYL WILE.

Even to the ears of this foreigner, it was clear that Truax's "Island" (one of three eight-channel pieces performed this evening) was the work which best utilized the capabilities of octophonic sound. It stood out in that it spoke a unique Creole of Beach, Forest, and Sparkle, a mixture which delivers the kind of magic realism promised in the program notes. Truax is an obvious professional who possesses the technical prowess and compositional restraint to produce an intensely real spatiality in sound—here, volume is a dimensional category, not one of loudness.

Which gods were present at this event? It was too dark to see, but a guy told me that Dionysus told *him* that he was gonna stay at home, kick out the footrest on the La-Z-Boy and pour himself a glass of his own wine, maybe yell at William F. Buckley on the TV. Hell, one night off can't hurt.

Steve DiPo

LARIATS & PETTICOATS: A WESTERN GAL SHOW ART EXHIBITION
February 23-March 20
Tart Gallery

The Tart is not your average art gallery. For one thing, it's at the back of the original Zulu Records (1869 West 4th). For another, the openings aren't elegant affairs full of sombre black-clad art types who snipe at each others' work in low voices, quaff a few glasses of the free wine, and then leave. Instead, Tart openings are packed with cheery black-clad indie music types who line up at the bar to pay for big plastic cups of ale, seem genuinely glad to see each other, and offer noisy encouragement to their friends, the artists, for hours on end.

This makes sense, both because of the record store location and the indie music backgrounds of **Nicole Steen** and **Vicki M.**, who run the place. Going to a Tart opening is something you *want* to do, rather than an art-supporting duty. It's not just that you'll see old friends—you'll also see lots of art you actually like and can probably afford.

This is the Tart's real mission, and Lariats & Petticoats may be the Tart's most likeable show yet. The theme is a natural for Vicki and Nicole, who love pinups, images of empowered women, and (this goes especially for Vicki) rockabilly music. On the way to the bulk of the exhibit, at the back of the shop, Vicki has put up some of her own collection of fabulous vintage cowgirl-themed clothes. Go down the stairs, and you're surrounded by images of cowgirls as well as country music gals, with contributions from 11 female artists.

Nicole has painted stylish, oversized album covers of **Wanda Jackson**, **Patsy Cline**, **Neko Case** (*The Virginian*, not the dark *Furnace Room Lullaby!*), and even **Carolyn Mark**. At 2'x2" and $400 each, almost anyone can own one, and find a place to hang it. A guitarist herself, she also has paintings of guitars, and parts of them, decorated with images of sexy (cow)girls on display. Tart partner Vicki's acrylic paintings, "Annie Oakley" and "Texas Guinan," are a little larger and slightly more expensive, and feature attractive backgrounds that are variations on '50s cowboy curtains or bedspreads.

Lisa Petrucci's creations are something else altogether: cowgirls in the big-eyed '70s cheesy art tradition are painted onto rounds of wood and thickly covered with clear acrylic. (Not paint this time, but lacquer.) They're lovely, but at $480 (for "Kiddie Kowgirl," which is about 6'x8") and $1080 (for "Wildcat," around 10'x18") they're on the high end of the Tart price range. **Holly Ruth Anderson** also draws from the 1970s big-eyed look, but her faux-naïve pastel-coloured girls sell for as little as $150.

Lynn (McDonagh) Werner, who used to photograph early Vancouver punk shows, has several entries here too, exquisite, mainly sunny, shots of a flawless former Railway Club staffer named Victoria, some combined with old fruit crate labels. (How can that girl, who according to the photos both drinks and smokes, look so damned good? Must be the cowboy hat.)

There's something for nearly everyone here, except perhaps those black-clad serious art types. If you don't make it to the Tart in time for this show, make sure you see the next one, and take note of the names of the talented women from Lariats & Petticoats: **Antonia Allan**, **Pilar Alvarez**, Holly Ruth Anderson, **Kirsten Easthope**, **Angela Fama**, **Janna Hurtzig**, Vicki M., **Blanche Norton**, Lisa Petrucci, Nicole Steen, and Lynn Werner (nee McDonagh). With any luck, you'll be seeing all of them again.

Janis McKenzie

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APRIL 12

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STARFISH ROOM

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THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY
THE EXPLOSION
COMMODORE BALLROOM

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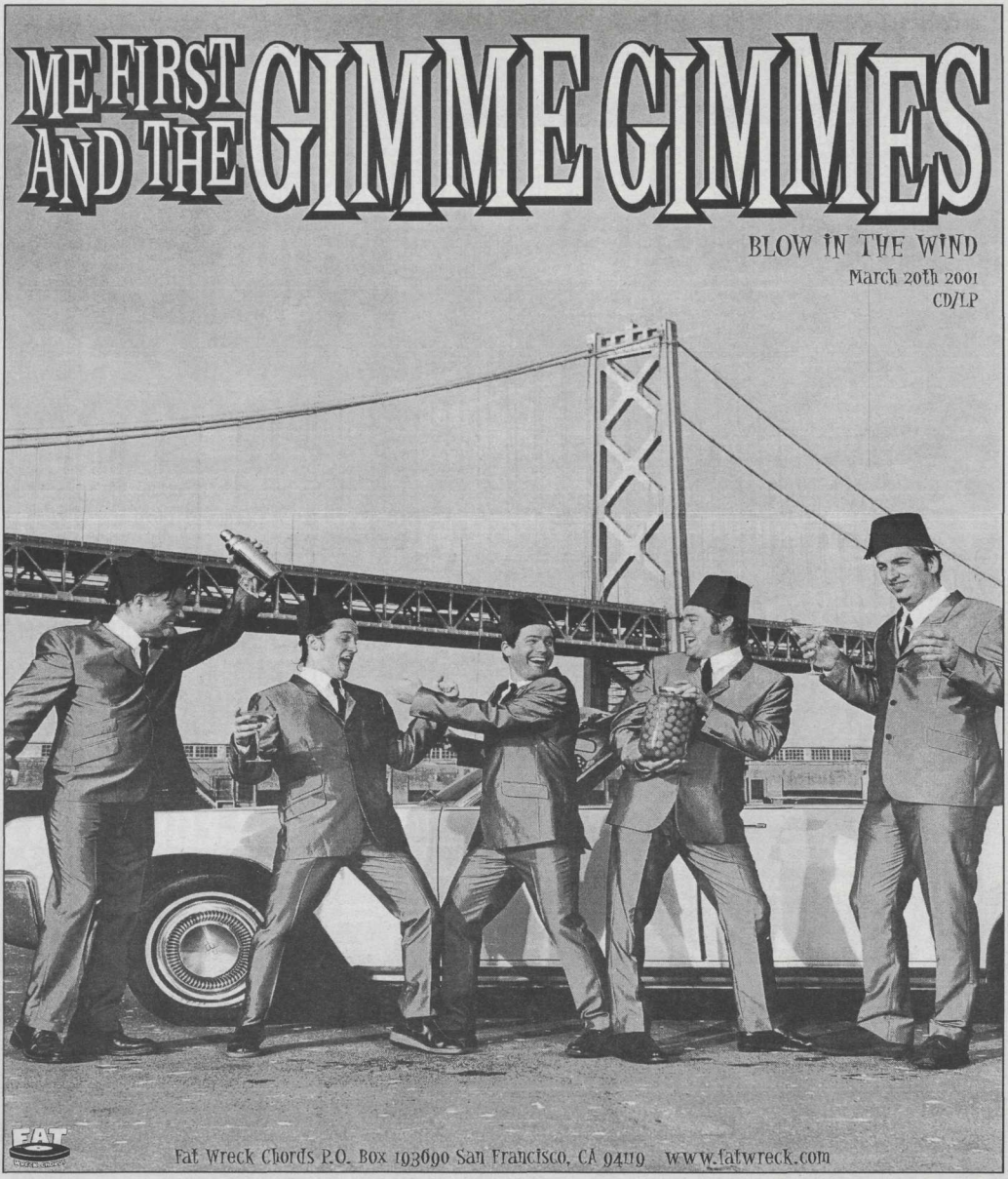
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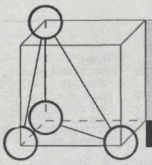

charts

what's being played at citr

April Long Vinyl

1	oh susanna	sleepy little sailor	square dog
2	black halos	the violent years	sub pop
3	propagandhi	today's empires...	g-7
4	new pornographers	mass romantic	mint
5	ray condo	high & wild	joaquin
6	ladytron	604	emperor norton
7	operation makeout	s/t	independent
8	rocket from the crypt	group sounds	vagrant
9	stephen malkmus	s/t	matador
10	trail vs. russia	s/t	independent
11	big john bates	voodoo bar-b-q	devil sauce
12	no luck club	newfangled moments	independent
13	deadcats	cathouse blues ep	revel yell
14	buttless chaps	death country live	independent
15	moka only	road life	independent
16	low	things we lost in the fire	kranky
17	joel r.l. phelps	inland empires ep	moneyshot
18	ekova	space lullabies...	six degrees
19	v/a	motion	six degrees
20	brokeback	morse code...	thrill jockey
21	kings of convenience	quiet is the new loud	astralwerks
22	takako minekawa	maxi on ep	emperor norton
23	japancakes	the sleepy strange	kindercore
24	corn sisters	the other women	mint
25	tram	frequently asked questions	jetset
26	tortoise	standards	thrill jockey
27	nasty on	lester bangs ep	stutter
28	arab strap	the red thread	matador
29	wagon christ	musipal	ninja tune
30	download	effector	nettwerk
31	d.o.a.	something better change	sudden death
32	frank black	dog in the sand	sonic unyon
33	peaches	teaches of peaches	kitty-yo
34	crooked fingers	bring on the snakes	warm
35	black box recorder	the facts of life	jetset

April Short Vinyl

1	new town animals	lose that girl	mint
2	aislers set	clouds will clear	suicide squeeze
3	blow up	dead stars, seven sixes	empty
4	salteens	tomorrow	endearing
5	bs 2000	buddy	grand royal
6	exploders	electric power	rip off
7	briefs	poor and weird	cut and run
8	electric frankenstein	the perfect crime	sub pop
9	machine gun tv	s/t	detector
10	riff randells	who says girls can't rock	mint
11	red monkey	get uncivilised	troubleman
12	reserve 34	s/t	moo cow
13	zen guerrila	the seeker	sub pop
14	bum/pingu	magic teeth presents	magic teeth
15	jello biafra	the green wedge	alt. tentacles
16	tristeza	are we people	tiger style
17	rainer maria	hell and high water	polyvinyl
18	maulies	on holiday with...	hub city
19	dear nora	make you smile	magic marker
20	pinkos	to my valentine	empty

April Indie Home Jobs

1	triple word score	too far gone
2	gray's anatomy	no chocolate for tyson
3	emerald city	4 song demo
4	nicely nicely	rewinded
5	victory gin	tired
6	uneven steps	postcard from the depths of shame
7	tennessee twin	oh darkness
8	nicely nicely	it's me, not yours
9	joel	heart X 50' woman
10	panty boy	sea hag
11	spinoffs	don't stalk my sister
12	sleepy junes	everyday
13	jumpstart	worthwhile
14	mr. plow	rock star
15	the radio	cowgirl blues
16	capozzi park	into the night
17	seana and splatter bends	travelogue 10.97
18	bad apple	life is rough
19	panacea	lesson
20	squares elite	around the capital

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "April" charts reflect airplay over March). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts" •

on the dial

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.
Apr. 1: Special guest composer James B.Maxwell.
Apr. 29: Featued guest composer Linda Nessel.
THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM *Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots* country.
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.
SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s sound-tracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!
QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.
HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM
GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, *popular music from Indian movies*, Ghazals, Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, etc.
THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip-Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl. With your hosts Mr. Rumble, Seanski, and J Swing on the 1 & 2's.
THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 12:00-2:00AM Time to wind down? Lay back in the chill-out room. Trance, house, and special guest DJs with hosts Decter and Nasty.
FILL-IN 2:00-6:00AM

MONDAYS

SALARIO MINIMO 6:00-8:00AM Spanish rock, ska, techno, and alternative music—porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa"!
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge, and ambience.
LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY alt. 11:00-1:00PM
GIRLFOOD alt. 11:00-1:00PM
PARTS UNKNOWN 1:00-3:00PM Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host Chris.
STAND AND BE CUNTED alt.3:00-4:00PM DJ Hancunt is in training for Olympic party athletics—soon to be a gold medalist in drinking, drug taking, and reckless sex.
BLACK NOIZE alt. 3:00-4:00PM DJ Nat X still sez: "Fuck You, My Man!"
EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.
WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00-6:00PM Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds *and some other goofiness*, giveaways, and gab.
SOUPE DU JOUR alt. 6:00-7:30PM Feeling a little French-impaired? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.
REEL TO REEL alt. 6:00-6:30PM Movie reviews and criticism.
THE RELATIONSHIP SHOW alt. 6:30-7:30PM
BY THE WAY 7:30-9:00PM I don't know what I'm up to anymore. I play lots of odd German electronix, some 7"s, and a demo here and there. Go figure.
THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.
Apr. 2: Trumpeter/composer Eric Dolphy died young (just 23!) but he left a small, important recorded legacy. Tonight his final date "Booker Little And Friend".
Apr. 9: Thelonius Monk Trios. The giant composer with just bass and drums... pure Monkery!
Apr. 16: The great alto saxophonist and his band in concert in a rare performance, "Cannonball Adderley In Paris."
Apr. 23: "Jazz Impressions Of Folk Music," an inspired record date by the great West Coast tenor man Harold Lang and his Quintet. Very rare!
Apr. 30: "Fleur Carnivore," an exciting live recording by one of the most unique big bands in jazz history The Carla Bley Big Band.
VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-3:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30-8:00AM Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.
WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! *Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal! <3rdcharm@home.com>*
BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only *industrial-electronic-retro-goth* program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.
ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM
CONTEMPORARY 1:00-2:00PM Music and poetry for jackasses.
C.P.R. 2:00-3:30PM

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6AM	REGGAE LINKUP (Rg)	SALARIO MINIMO (Wo)	PACIFIC PICKIN' (Rts)	THE ELCTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	SHADOW AT DAWN (Dc)	FILL-IN (Wo)
7				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Ec)	THE MEZZANINE FLOOR (Ec)		
8		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Ec)	WORLD HEAT (Wo)				
9				FOOL'S PARADISE (Wo)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Ec)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rr)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (Rts)
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (Ec)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (Rr)	THE NORTHERN WISH (Rr/Po)	THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW (Ch)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Sk)	
11		GIRLFOOD (Po) / LOUD, FAST, AND AGING RAPIDLY (Pu)	BLUE MONDAY (Gi) / ELECTRO MAGNETIC PULSES		CANADIAN LUNCH (Ec)		
12PM	ROCKERS SHOW (Rg)		CONTEMPORARY (Tk)	ANOIZE (No)	STEVE & MIKE (Hc)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hh)	SOULSISTAH RADIO (Rg)
1		PARTS UNKNOWN (Po)	C.P.R. (Dc/Tk)	THE SHAKE (Rr)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (Tk)	HIGH ON GRASS (Rts)	POWERCHORD (Me)
2				RADIO FREE PRESS (Tk)			
3	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Rts)	STAND AND BE CUNTED (Cf) / BLACK NOIZE	PROM QUEEN (Po) / ELECTRIC AVENUES (Ec)	MOTORDADDY (Rr)	RHYMES & REASONS (Hh)	NARDWUAR PRESENTS (Nw)	CODE BLUE (Rts)
4		EVIL VS. GOOD (Pu)	THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN (Ec)				
5	CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Po) / SAINT TROPEZ (Po)	WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sp)	10,000 VOICES (Tk)	RACHEL'S SONG (Tk)	LEGALLY HIP (Th) / PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY (Th)	NOOZE & ARTS (Tk)	HEARSAY (Tk)
6	QUEER FM (Tk)	SOUPE DU JOUR (Wo) / REELS TO REAL the relationship show	FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hc)		OUT FOR KICKS (Po)	FAREASTSIDE SOUNDS (Ec) / AFRICAN RYTHMS (So)	RADIO FREE AMERICA (Tk)
7	HELLO INDIA (Wo)	BY THE WAY (Ec)	ANNABOUBOULA (Wo)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (Po/Ec) / REPLICA REJECT	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR (Rr)		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Ec)
8	GEETANJALI (Wo)	THE JAZZ SHOW (Jz)	A WALKABOUT THE WORLD (Wo)	FOLK OASIS (Rts)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (Lm)	HOMEBASS (Dc)	
9	THE SHOW (Hh)		VENUS FLYTRAP (Ec) / SOUL SONIC WANDERLUST (Ec)	STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR (Wo)	HIGHBRED VOICES (Wo)		SOUL TREE (So) / PIPE DREAMS (Dc)
10	CHILL-OUT ROOM (Dc)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (Pu)	AURAL TENTACLES (Ec)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hk)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Dc)	BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD (Ec)	
11	FILL-IN	PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES (Dc/Ec)		FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (Dc)		THE MORNING AFTER SHOW (Rr/Pu)	THE RED EYE (Hh/Dc) / EARWAX (Hh/Dc)
12AM							REGGAE LINKUP (Rg)

Cf= conscious and funky • Ch= children's • Dc= dance/electronic • Ec= eclectic • Gi= goth/industrial • Hc= hardcore • Hh= hip hop • Hk= Hans Kloss • Jz= jazz • Lm= live music • Lo= lounge • Mt= metal • No= noise • Nw= Nardwuar • Po= pop • Pu= punk • Re= reggae • Rr= rock • Rts= roots • Sk = ska •So= soul • Sp= sports • Tk= talk • Wo= world

PROM QUEEN 3:30-4:30PM
ELECTRIC AVENUES 3:30-4:30 (Last Tuesday of each month.)
THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30-5:00PM
10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM Poetry, spoken word, preformances, etc.
FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989.
ANNABOUBOULA (formerly Radio Ellenikathiko) 8:00-9:00PM Greek radio. www.angelfire.com/ar/annabouboula <annabouboula@angelfire.com>
A WALK ABOUT THE WORLD 9:00-10:00PM
VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM <loveden@hotmail.com>
SOULSONIC WANDERLUST alt.10:00PM-12:00AM Phat platter, slim chatter.
AURAL TENTACLES 12:00-6:00AM Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, and unusual rock.

WEDNESDAY

THE ELECTROLUX JAM BAND HOUR 6:00-7:00AM
THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live *from the Jungle Room with your* irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, *news, and gossip. A real gem!* <suburbanjungle@channel88.com>
FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.
THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.
ANOIZE 12:00-1:00PM Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.
THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM The *manatee is my spirit animal.* Me da Tagita.
RADIO FREE PRESS 2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show! Bleek presents *the underground* press with articles from zines from around the world.
MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."
RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM Socio-political, environmentally-activist news and spoken word with some music too. <rachelssong@lycos.com>
POP GOES THE WEASEL 6:30-7:30PM
AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, sushi... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things. (First Wednesday of every month.)
REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, noise, and other.
FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Roots music for folkies and non-folkies...bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt-country and more. Not a mirage! <val.cormier@3web.net>
STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutty."
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS

THE MEZZANINE FLOOR 6:30-8:00AM
END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00-10:00AM
THE CUTE 'N' CUDDLY SHOW 10:00-11:30AM Two hours of non-stop children's entertainment including songs, stories, poems, interviews, and special guests with your host Christina.
CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!
STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).
THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.
RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM On Hiatus! Will the ladies return? Stay tuned.
LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM
PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la Velorution! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! http://www.sustainability.com/djnas/radio
OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.
ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host Gary Olsen. <ripitup55@aol.com>
LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. *Live bandz from 10-1).*
HIGHBRED VOICES 11:00PM-1:00AM
PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers, and *oddities. Naked phone staff.* Resident haitchc with guest DJs and performers. http://plutonia.org

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.
CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.
SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to <djska_t@hotmail.com>.
THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice, A.V. Shack, and Promo bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funktified, sample heavy *beat-lain trip, focusing on any*thing with breakbeats.
HIGH ON GRASS 2:00-3:30PM
NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Please keep on rawkin' in the free world and have a good breakfast. Rock on, Nardwuar and *Cleopatra Von Flufflestein.*
NOOZE AND ARTS 5:00-6:00PM
FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM
AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.
HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.
BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 2:00-6:00AM
FILL-IN 6:00-8:00AM
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.
8-9AM: African/World roots.
9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.
SOULSISTAH RADIO 12:00-1:00PM
POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, *imports and other rarities.* Gerald Rattlehead, Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.
CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.
RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM *Extraordinary* political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Angeles, CA).
SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes *soul music to the nth* degree. (Hopefully back end of April!?)
PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM
THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM
EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.—Guy Smiley
REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

CiTR
whom and how

Arts	Doretta Lau
Board Chair	Harry Hertscheg
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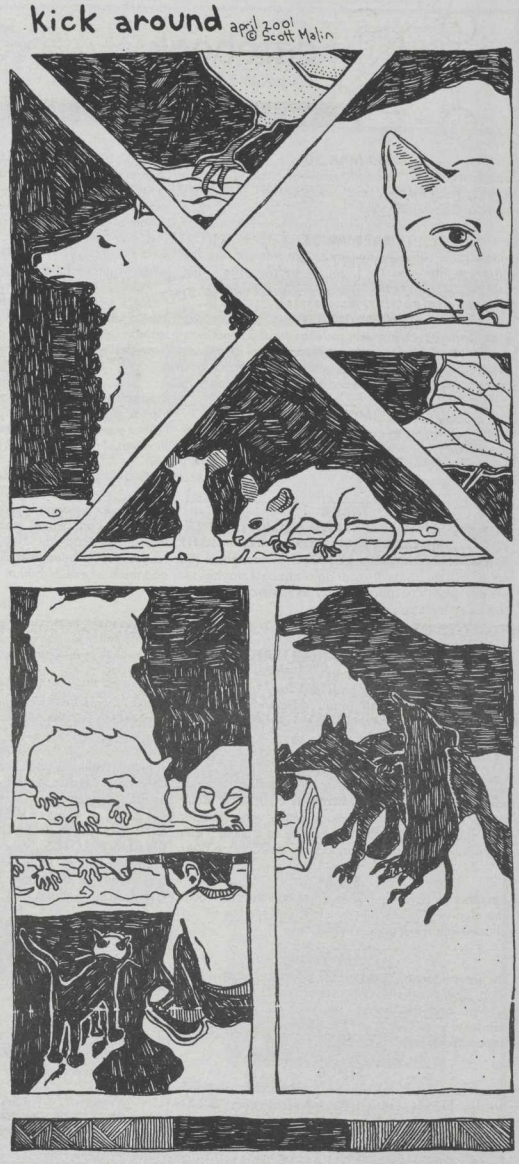
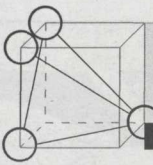




datebook

what's happening in april

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE MAY ISSUE, DEADLINE IS APRIL 24TH.
FAX LISTINGS IN TO 822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

FRI MAR 30

deadcats, riff randells@railway club; sarah harmer@richard's on richard's; hancunt's birthday@oceanside villa

SAT MAR 31

mome raths, strategy, menya@sugar refinery; the fire box@sutcliffe park (7pm); saddlesores, mr. underhill@railway club

SUN APRIL 1

jazz vespers feat. catherin mclellan trio@st. andrew's-wesley (4pm); souls of mischief@sonar; mel c@massey theatre (new west); the waterboys@commodore; garaj mahal@richard's on richard's; iron maiden@cobalt

MON 2

mome raths, strategy, nice nice, greg sinbaldi trio@i-spy (seattle); hard rock miners@railway club; matchbox twenty, everclear, lifehouse@pacific coliseum; henry rollins@vogue

TUES 3

CITR PRESENTS HOT WATER MUSIC, LEATHER-FACE, SMALL BROWN BIKE, RED LIGHT STING@GRANDVIEW LEGION; gormenghast (art exhibit)@dv8; diaz trio, angela cheng@playhouse; willard grant conspiracy, mary lorsen@railway club; soft boys@richard's on richard's

WED 4

CiTR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION FEATURING AVI SHACK@LOTUS; the cinematic salon feat. nettie wild@sugar refinery (7pm); jad fair, adult rodeo, capozzi park@starfish room; diamond joe white, nathan tinkham@railway club; paco de lucia@orpheum theatre

THUR 5

shine, new eden, roscoe p. coltrane@starfish room; jonathan inc., jack harlan@railway club; wide mouth mason, big sugar,choclair,spirit of the west@thunder-bird stadium; veda hille@vancouver east cultural centre; norine braun and the mood swings@cottage bistro

FRI 6

tim readman@w.i.s.e. hall; puentes bros@starfish room; the clumsy lovers@railway club; mr. rumble vs. avi shack@sonar; bill coon trio@o'doul's

SAT 7

the janis figure@piccadilly; the clumsy lovers@railway club; sibel thrasher@vancouver playhouse; shane macgowan and the popes, the real mckenzies@commodore; excess for all@ms. t's cabaret; superchild@silvertone tavern

SUN 8

jazz vespers feat. the sanctuary all stars@st. andrew's-wesley (4pm); delirious@pacific coliseum; debbie davies@the yale

MON 9

grrrls with guitars@railway club

TUES 10

lifeforms@dv8; choke, layaway plan, moneen@starfish room; bob chemist, pepper sands, robert wilson@railway club; the english beat's dave wakeling@richard's on richard's

WEDS 11

luther wright and the wrongs@railway club

THURS 12

mike o'neill band, radiogram@railway club; low, danielson famile@starfish room; guy davis@w.i.s.e. hall; systemwide@purple onion cabaret

FRI 13

cryptopsy, candiria, hurt, zuckuss@starfish room; jack tripper, gg dartray@railway club; living closet@w.i.s.e. hall; z-trip@sonar; karl denson's tiny universe@commodore; oliver gannon@cellar jazz cafe; lars frederiksen and the bastards@croatian cultural center

SAT 14

free coke for supermodels, shrimpmeat@ms. t's; tight bros from way back when, tennessee twin@picadilly; bughouse five@railway club; reggae sunsplash@commodore; oliver gannon@cellar jazz cafe; lars frederiksen and the bastards@croatian cultural center

SUN 15

jazz vespers feat. dee daniels@st. andrew's-wesley (4pm); keller williams@richard's; djb and crew@cafe deux soleils; train@starfish room

MON 16

r.a.n.c.h. presents@railway club; garnet rogers@east cultural center; the ploughboys@railway club

TUE 17

sonically induced (music) night@railway club; psychedelic furs, tinfed@commodore

WED 18

CITR PRESENTS THE FUNKTION FEATURING DJ GRANNY@LOTUS; fireballs of freedom, new town animals@picadilly; featherweight, the fits of glory, geek@railway club; nelly furtado@vogue theatre; just cause, side 67, the golers, wailing souls@starfish room

THUR 19

zubot and dawson, radiogram, be good tanyas@richard's; day shine dark@studebakers; russ botten trio@ o'douls; staggered crossing@railway club; nelly furtado@vogue

FRI 20

the roswells, tammy bentz@railway club; hissyfit@studebaker's; the aspen's@maple ridge legion #88; cheek to cheek@cloverdale legion #66

SAT 21

CITR PRESENTS SHIPPING NEWS, SAUL DUCK@STARFISH ROOM; the salteens, vancouver nights@railway club

SUN 22

jazz vespers feat. don hardy, dawn aitken@st. andrew's-wesley (4pm); ac/dc, slash's snakepit@pacific coliseum; jerry cantrel@piccadilly pub

MON 23

grrrls with guitars@railway club; ac/dc, slash's snakepit@pacific coliseum

TUES 24

nouveau artistes@railway club; superchild@piccadilly pub; st. germain@commodore

WED 25

jack assassin@railway club

THUR 26

south@purple onion; mark browning@railway club

FRI 27

ray condo and his ricochets@railway club

SAT 28

CITR PRESENTS THE KINDLING COLLECTION, THE BUILDING PRESS, TRAIL VS. RUSSIA@MS. T'S; gimmicks, backstabbers@picadilly; ray condo and his ricochets@railway club;

SUN 29

jazz vespers feat. david priest quartet@st. andrew's-wesley (4pm)

SPECIAL EVENTS

BURNING THINGS!

public dreams society presents the fire box, a free public performance of fire art and torch dance and lanterns and other things that are on fire. call 257.8195 to register as a participant in the lantern-building workshop. sutcliffe park, saturday march 31, 7pm.

CONCERT 3

the standing wave society presents a night of new music at the cultch (1895 venables), sunday, april 1. works by nikolai korndorf, george crumb, brian cherney, and jacqueline leggatt. show starts at 8; tickets are $15 through ticketmaster (280.3311).

BUY RECORDS

the vancouver record collector's association's semi-annual record sale goes down sunday, april 21 at the croatian cultural centre (3250 commercial). time 11am-5pm; admission $2.

Upstream Entertainment

GARAJ MAHAL

KAI ECKHARDT, BASS — FAREED HAQUE, GUITARS
ALAN HERTZ, DRUMS — ERIC LEVY, HAMMOND B3

Sat. March 31st The Garibaldi Lift Co. Whistler

Sun. April 1st Richards on Richards Vancouver

M.M.W. with **Karl Denson's Tiny Universe** Fri. Apr. 13t[illegible] Sold Out Commodore Ballroom

KELLER WILLIAMS

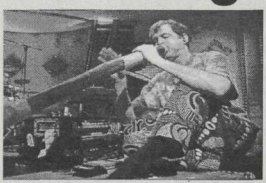
" Blending polytextured easy grooves with lots of percussion, fat bass, acoustic guitars, and amazing vocals, Keller creates a one man music festival ! "

Sun. April 15th
Richards on Richards
Vancouver

Mon. April 16th
The Garibaldi Lift Co.
Whistler

Coming in May ...

Dr Didg



Fri. May 11th
The Starfish Room
Vancouver

CRITTERS BUGGIN

Thur. May 17th
Richards on Richards
Vancouver

Fri. May 18th
The Showbox
Seattle

Charlie Hunter

Wed. May 23rd
Richards on Richards
Vancouver

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New Instrumentation At Zulu

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KINSKI
Be Gentle With Me Warm Turtle CD

Sonic fuzz comes in droves over the ocean… I'm hearing the stray electricity of oceanics **Mogwai** and **Sigur Ros**, perhaps also fellow Pacific Rim free-psych luminaries **High Rise** and **Acid Mothers Temple**. And so like forced bulbs, **KINSKI**'s debut takes root, with the predisposition to bloom pedals of high volume ecstatic noise! This we dig. Loud, brooding and less self-consciously dynamic than the **Godspeed** camp, **KINSKI**'s soundtracks are more about the lateral movements of dense sound shards… you know stuff that peels off the axis' of reception.

CD 18.98

SAINT ETIENNE
Interludes CD

SAINT ETIENNE's music leaves a trail of broken hearts wherever it goes, whether it takes you for a walk through a field of bright red poppies, dancing under the strobe lights in a chic London disco or just staring out your window on a rainy Sunday afternoon. The many moods of **ETIENNE** are revealed via this Canadian-only release of breezy B-sides and radiant rarities. Stand-out tracks include their version of **Brian Wilson**'s "Stevie", the wistful "Le Ballade de Saint Etienne" (Madamoiselle **Cracknell** takes a stab at singing in French!) and endorphin-releasing Trouser Enthusiast re-mix of "Lose That Girl". Having said that, you won't find any filler here. As all **SAINT ETIENNE** fans know, **Sarah**, **Bob** and **Pete** always deliver pure excellence.

CD 14.98

NEIL HAGERTY
s/t CD/LP

Exiled on Main Street, **NEIL HAGERTY** sets out like a **Trux** alone to steal the mascots of the soft-touch music industry. Ransom… to be discussed! Drop point… to be revealed at a later date. Come with us, we got the Ape-oven blues. Leave them hanging heavy in the skyscrapers – the new prisons – this is the skeleton of the blues, the anatomy of future ghosts. **NEIL**'s words: a record made up of "shoe sounds on a basketball court, boxes getting kicked around by bored kids, mama snoring like a pig". Show up and win.

CD/LP 18.98

WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY
Everything's Fine CD

Call them a 'gem in the rough', call them the 'unknown currency', call them a 'sleeper'… whatever, there's always a couple of amazing bands that somehow duck under the radar of mass popularity, only to end up something truly special: a cult favorite, who consistently deliver the goods — unaided by hyperbole, freed of cliché and rigor mortis. Ouch, baby… Welcome home alt-country mainstays, the **WILLARD GRANT CONSPIRACY**! Damn right — **Everything's Fine**!!

CD 14.98

Various
COMFORT. LABOR PRESENTS SCAPE CD

As **Pole**, **Stefan Betke** has inspired the style and form of a particular stream of contemporary electronic music; his rich, deep, crackly dub has been influential to many like-minded producers (not to mention many pale imitators). In response, **Betke** has wisely released music by some of the best that are digging around the same area on his label –Scape. Celebrating this spirit of dialogue and exchange, Betke has remixed a select cadre of producers, featuring –Scape label-mates **Kit Clayton** and **Jan Jelinek**, as well as material from **Matthew Herbert**, **Vladislav Delay**, **Flanger** (**Burnt Friedman/Atom Heart**), **Maus & Stolle** and more. Recommended.

CD 19.98 **AVAILABLE APRIL 8TH**

RED HOUSE PAINTERS
Old Ramon CD

We implore you… expose a nerve. After a couple of beautiful solo albums, **Mark Kozelek** returns with the sixth **RED HOUSE PAINTERS** release! A fine, lush listen that offers up an emotional testimony to the power of the post-modern folk song, **Old Ramon** is a collection of emotive ballads that perfectly blend acoustic instrumentation and the detached cool lyrics of today's post-existential protagonist. For heaven's sake, enjoy them today, as **Kozelek**, **Phelps**, **Callahan** and a few others are the **Nick Drakes**, **Scott Walkers**, etc., of the contemporary period. True flowers of this painful world!

CD 16.98 **AVAILABLE APRIL 10TH**

BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY
Ease Down The Road CD/LP

Having recently shared the stage with Sir **Johnny Cash**, **WILL OLDHAM** returns to the comforts of his Kentucky home, to renew his song craft, Homa, to be still, to ramble, to concentrate, to create with friends songs fast approaching the realms of fragile perfection. In the workshop hang **Palace**'s new odes to the introspective dramas that animate **OLDHAM**'s universe: songs that start out from the porch and venture into a world of dark beauty. Recommended!!

CD 18.98 LP 14.98

HOWE GELB
Confluence CD

There's only one thing more famous than Arizona's big cactus — the talents of that state's **Giant Sand**!! The **Sand**'s **HOWE GELB** is a man, a crazy man, with a penchant for beautiful ballads that stumble past you like lonely tumbleweeds. Do you know what I'm talking about? Have you ever felt that way? There's nothing more lonesome than having a face speckled with sand, a belly full of booze and the desert lying before you, naked. Huh? Well, maybe there is something more lonesome. Stop by and ask **HOWE**. Enjoy responsibly.

CD 18.98

GUIDED BY VOICES
Isolation Drills CD

The sting is on. Our agents are ready to reveal their true selves — to shed the cloak of double identity. Captain **Robert Pollard**, we await your sign. Operation **Isolation Drills**: shed your high school English professor and exercise your pop star mantle of power to crack down on corrupt lyricism, butchered riffs, and weak-kneed image. Awaken the captives from their chloroform sleep; undo the mediated bandages that cripple our melody senses. Alter-authority. The Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame is under siege!! Let's melt the Wax Museums! Sixteen new songs!!

CD 16.98 **AVAILABLE APRIL 3RD**

JOHN ZORN
The Gift CD

Are you in the mood for love? **JOHN ZORN** is. And what is his amorous gift, his expression of love? Why, some lounge-noir-rumba-surf music, downtown New York style. Obviously informed, even better played; it doesn't get much sweeter than this Imagine, **ZORN** that goes down easy, real easy. And, as usual, old hands join up to make this lascivious and beautifully laidback soundtrack that much better. Featuring the sultry and talented **Marc Ribot**, **Cyro Baptista**, **Joey Baron**, **Dave Douglas**, **Greg Cohn**, and then some. And yes, we think it's lovely stuff, at times even sexy, if never raunchy, but please, however, make up your own mind about the cover art, thanks. By the way, this is the third release in Tzadik's Music Romance series. Yes, that's right, a series for those who love music. Nope, you can't go to jail for that.

CD 16.98

Various
THE GIGA SINGLE CD

The consensus on innovation: to create "progress" within a genre, musicians have to nibble on the crumbs of more nutritious musical feasts. Allow us to present a piece of auto-cannibalism that disproves this myth of eclecticism as de facto futurism. Without deviating much from the basic language of recycled beats and ragged rhyme flows the **Anticon** collective (for which **The Giga Single** is a budget-price sampler) has managed to take hip-hop above and beyond itself. By using the broadest possible vocabulary within the available language, artists such as **Sole**, **Dose One** and Vancouver's own **Josh Martinez**, have renewed many a jaded head's interest in rap music. This shit, which is — by any standards — mad dope, comprises what we believe "the kids" are defining as "the real ish."

CD 12.98

SOUTH
From Here On CD

London looks its best at around 3:00 AM. Street cleaners flush the vacated streets, which dry slowly before an audience of empty milk bottles…so serene! Enter **SOUTH**, London's new pop darlings, recently touched by the hands of Mo Wax's **James Lavelle**. There is a certain amount of desolate passion associated with their **DJ Shadow-meets-Money Mark** sounds. Pure early-'90s oceanic rock updated to **UNKLE** standards. Recommendation implied.

CD 16.98 **AVAILABLE APRIL 6TH**

now showing:

Boys Will Be Boys
all-male art exhibit

opening April 21st:
Viva Las Vegas
works inspired by Sin City

tart GALLERY
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More In-Key Releases

SWOLLEN MEMBERS- Lady Venom 12"
SWOLLEN MEMBERS- Front Street 12"
KINGS OF CONVENIENCE- Quiet Is the New Loud CD/LP
TIM BUCKLEY- Morning Glory Anthology 2CD
LOVE- Forever Changes CD reissued.
ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE- Redefining Music CD/LP
OF MONTREAL- Coquelicog Asleep in the Poppies CD/2LP
STEPHEN MALKMUS- Jenny and the Ess-dog CDEP
MELVINS- Colossus of Destiny CD
LLOYD COLE- Negatives CD
Various- THE SHADOW YEARS 2CD
d.b.s.- Forget Everything You Know CDEP
B. FLEISCHMAN- Sidonie 12"
MANITOBA- Start Breaking My Heart CD/LP
TIM KINSELLAS- He Sang… CDEP
MOKA ONLY- Lime Green CD/2LP

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